National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

From The New Covenant (Universalist, Chicago).

AN ill-timed controversy seems to be springing up in Congress and in different sections of country, in regard to the connection of slavery with the present war. Our politicians are making a great mistake in attempting to introduce the negro question at the present time into the controversy. It is inexpedient and exceedingly ill-timed, we believe. It can do no good, but infinite harm, at this juncture of affairs. It serves only to divide the country into parties and factions, and to raise old issues which should now be forgotten.

What issues may eventually be forced upon the government, no one can foresee, but we should not lose sight of the object of the present contest. The negro question is not now before the American people. The war is not to strengthen nor abolish slavery. The real issue before us, if we understand it, is constitutional government, or anarchy. It is a fight for our nationality, and democratic form of government. It is to preserve and perpetuate the institutions of our glorious Republic, bequeathed to us by our fathers, who fought and bled for their establishment. We are fighting for the American Union, our very national existence. *Traitors* to American principles and institutions are in arms to break up this government, and destroy the national Union, and to pull down this temple of liberty reared by our self-sacrificing and patriotic fathers.

Citizens of the loyal States are laboring to preserve this Union, and perpetuate the glorious institutions of our Republic. And patriots of all parties are ready to fight for the Union. They stand shoulder to shoulder in this contest, and are ready to suffer and die for this object. But introduce any vexed, controverted question, and our ranks are broken, and we are weakened and defeated! We regret, therefore, to see the slavery question now introduced into the council chamber of the nation. Our work now is to subdue the rebellion, defeat the purposes of the traitors, and defend and preserve the national Union. The Chicago *Evening Journal* has the following upon this point, which is worthy the consideration of men of all parties.

"The propriety of forcing the inflammatory negro question before the country at this time, to distract the now united feeling of the loyal States in behalf of the war for the Union, may well be questioned.

"We think the less said or done, at this time, the better, on any question that would indicate that this war on the part of the government is one against slavery, instead of for the suppression of rebellion and the maintenance of the Republic and the power of the government.

"Let us keep one object and one question steadily in view in this great contest—namely: the preservation of the United States. All questions that may divert the public mind from this, or tend to divide the sentiments of the people in favor of this grand object, should find no place within the scope of public controversy at the present moment. The question of slavery, though doubtless one of the causes of the war, has no part in the war. When peace shall have been reestablished, as before peace was disturbed, this question may and no doubt will be discussed, as a part of our common politics.

"But it is a distracting question, and *now* is no time to spring any topic upon the loyal people of the Union that will cause serious divisions, recriminations or partisan jealousies. This seems to us to be the spirit that should characterize the patriotic public press and politicians of the country, while the question of Have we a government or not? is pending, for the definite answering of which a watchful and anxious world is looking on."

From The Christian Intelligencer (Ref. Dutch).

Wendell Phillips, in a speech on the 4th of July, announced the purpose of the class he represents, to turn the present war for the maintenance of the government into a war for the abolition of slavery. No such plan can or ought to succeed. The people at large will cheerfully accept such escape or emancipation of slaves as may follow incidentally from the efforts necessary to maintain the Federal authority. But the moment our rulers turn aside from their present aim, and, in violation of the Constitution, interfere, without necessity, in the vested rights of the States to have their own domestic institutions, that moment the sublime unanimity of the nation will disappear, and the North be rent with furious and bitter factions. Slavery is bad, but emancipation without the consent of the masters would be far worse. Fortunately, the character of the Administration is such as to lend no countenance to the idea that they can be induced to add in this way still more to the distressing complications of the existing state of things.

A KANSAS ABOLITIONIST IN THE SENATE.

From The Journal of Commerce.

IT would seem that the country had been sufficiently afflicted, by the operations of General Pomeroy and General Lane, in connection with Kansas affairs, without suffering fresh disgrace from their presence in the United States Senate. In the course of political events both of these men have succeeded in obtaining seats in the Senate, after having been quartered, in some form or other, upon the generosity of the public, from the time of their first entrance into Kansas, up to a recent period.

The first act of Pomeroy in his new position, at least the first of any public importance, is the introduction of a bill entitled "An act to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion," but in fact a bill for overthrowing the Constitution of the United States. After reciting that the present war is a war by slaveholders for upholding slavery, and that under the clause of the Constitution "to provide for the common defense and general welfare," the government has the right to abolish slavery, the bill goes on to declare as follows:

Therefore, By virtue of the Constitution, as herein set forth, and as a great *military necessity* forced upon us by the rebellion,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act, there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude in any of the States of this Union that claim to have seceded from the government, and are in open and armed resistance to the execution of the laws and the provisions of the Constitution of the United States; and

Be it further enacted, That, immediately upon the passage of this act, the President of the United States shall cause his proclamation to be issued, setting forth the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all persons held as slaves in any of the aforesaid States, under the laws thereof; and also ordering all officers to give protection to all such emancipated slaves as shall ask it, and accept the services of all who have tendered them in behalf of the government, if in the judgment of such officers such services shall be useful or necessary to the prosecution of this war.

This is the culmination of the anti-slavery sentiment—the result to which it must arrive, unless those who support and sustain it, for personal and ambitious ends, shall stop short of this last and fatal blow to our Federal system. The question is not whether slavery is right or wrong, whether it is beneficial or otherwise to the country, but whether the Constitution and the government established by our fathers shall be maintained or subverted.

The success of Senator Pomeroy's plan would be a complete and final breaking down of the checks and guards of the Constitution, an arbitrary exercise of power in defiance of the fundamental law. It will not pass the Senate at the present session; it may not obtain any considerable support; but it is a frank avowal of the anti-slavery, anti-republican branch of the people, and will as surely be enforced, as the war goes on and the party in power maintains its control of the government. It is in fact *advanced Republicanism*, those who do not yet see the propriety of subscribing to the doctrine, being voted slow and unsound, by the zealous advocates of abolition by Federal power—by Presidential proclamation. To hold their influence and position as party leaders, the members of the government must yield to the popular clamor, of which General Pomeroy is the representative in the Senate of the United States.

Events follow each other in such quick succession, that it is difficult to say how long we shall have left the semblance of the government under which we have so long, as a nation, prospered. The history of the French Revolution furnishes no parallel to the rapidity with which the people and government of the United States have drifted on, in the last few months, towards the overthrow of our political system. Whoever shall write the history of the United States for the present period, will be compelled to record a transformation more sudden, from freedom to despotism, from republican government to a centralized power, than often occurs in the history of nations.

Selections.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

[From an American resident in Paris, communicated to *The Evening Post*.]

PARIS, July 4, 1861.

IT is not war that endangers the Union, nor peace that will save it; you must deal with the anterior cause both of the war and danger. What are you going to do with slavery?

You may knock slaveholders on the head and render them dormant for a few years; you may hack and lop the branches of the tree of evil in the midst of the garden till it withers and poisons you with its escaping vapors; you are already inhaling them—but why do you waste your strength in the tree top? Slavery is radical—why don't you strike at the root?

In the moment of victory to the North, the slave is born again; the old world rolls together like a scroll, and a newer world appears; the slave has changed masters; the old master has no longer the power nor right to retain or relinquish, nor the responsibility of either; the new master takes all; the victor cannot escape the conquest and reject its responsibilities; the power and the right to do are inseparable from the duty of doing.

Rebellion stakes on the issue of war the constitutional barrier to emancipation, and victory wins it.

If she declare for the North, from that hour the free States will be responsible for the future of slavery. If they restore the slave to his ancient master, they will be guilty of reëstablishing slavery; of reducing to bondage four millions of people as if they had brought them from Africa; of replanting the seeds of a future war; of belying their professions, and in causing the contempt and scorn of the age. These are the logical results, and must constitute the united verdict of civilized man. Are you prepared to accept it?

The sacrifice of life and wealth, and the demoralization of an age, merely to obtain a truce, cannot be justified; freedom is under the necessity of destroying its enemy or being destroyed by it; while there is strength to go on it cannot accept a truce which only prolongs the contest and augments the sacrifice; it would be a crime to stop half way; a national suicide.

Slavery, being the cause of its existence, should be the object of the war. It is best to avow that object, because it is the honest and manly course. The avowal may create some enemies, but will make many friends; the object will command the sympathies of all (but slave-owners) at home and abroad; by all, I mean not only right-minded men and women of sound head and heart, but the bad also, for it is the quality of a good cause that it unites the good and the bad; all naturally love freedom and hate slavery, and this universal sympathy expresses itself in public opinion. Whoever enters on a war which involves sacrifices to neutral peoples and nations, without taking into account public opinion, without a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind," reckons without his host, as he may find to his cost.

Public opinion is a power capable of conquests and revolutions by moral force alone; united with physical force it is irresistible. Whichever way it settles, for the North or South, it is equal to regiments of men with Armstrong guns; it is everywhere present; in the battle, the march, the night watch, camp or hospital; it soothes the suffering, encourages the weak, cheers the heart and invigorates the arm of struggling men on whom it smiles, and carries condemnation and dismay to those on whom it frowns. If we would have the aid of this powerful ally, if we desire the verdict of the highest tribunal on earth, we must present a cause which commands its approbation; and we do not present such a case so long as we contend not for the destruction of slavery, but declare the intention to restore the slaves and perpetuate slavery.

The question as to whether the North or South shall govern, or whether each shall govern itself, does not interest the world; on this point the public thinks the South has a better right to govern itself than the North has to govern it, and that is why public opinion rather inclines to the South, to our disappointment and chagrin.

The world can ill brook the sacrifice of a civil war in America on a point of no importance to the world, and regards it with disfavor.

But we have ourselves to blame for this; it is because we present a false issue and conceal the true one.

The government knows, and the people know, each individual, North and South, in his heart feels, that, whatever the beginnings, the issue has changed, and there is now but one sole question at stake, which is the existence of slavery; the war begins and ends in that, and that only.

The South charges us with a desire to destroy that institution, and to protect it makes war on us which we accept. Why do we accept it?—to prove that we wish no harm to slavery, but intend to restore slaves and aid her in preserving the institution? A war for this is useless. We have only to refuse the war and let her alone to do as she likes, which she desires. But in point of fact this sort of thing is rubbish. We do mean the destruction of slavery in accepting a war made for its preservation. We accept that issue, and it is mere stultification to affect that we mean something else. We know that it is the institution of slavery which threatens the institutions of freedom; that we mean to preserve them unimpaired; and that there is no safety for them but in the destruction of an institution which is arrayed in arms against them. Let us avow the fact and have the benefit of an honest avowal.

Neutrals and secret friends are a stumbling-block; they are chiefly non-slaveholders or small slaveholders, who are as likely to remain with us as go against us. The large slaveholders are already open enemies; let the neutrals declare, and divide, and neutralize each other—we shall probably gain as much as we lose; but if the balance is against us, accept the result, and set it off by the gain of public opinion.

With regard to those other slaveholders, who, from affection or fear, remain faithful, let justice be done, and there are many ways of doing it.

But as the Padre in Gil Blas says to the hesitating count, who hung upon the splitting of hairs, "first accept the new faith and learn to defend it afterwards."

The first thing to do is for the government to issue a suitable declaration, that we may know, and the world may know, what we mean and where we stand.

"Whereas, etc.—Therefore the government, Congress and nation have resolved to extinguish slavery in the United States."

That declaration would be received with a cheer throughout the civilized world, and live side by side with the Declaration of Independence.

What sustains the Emperor Alexander, and makes it safe for him to emancipate serfs, against the "rights" and opposition of powerful serfholders, but the necessity and justice of the case and the powerful support of public opinion?

Are the government and people of the United States less courageous, or humane, or intelligent than the Emperor of Russia? Let us stand out upon open ground, right ground and high ground, from which he can see the object and end of this war.

Let Congress give us a programme of the work we have to do, vote the supplies, and then go home, and each man put shoulder to, and the work will soon be done.

Don't be afraid of increasing the exasperation of the enemy. You can't do it. Don't be afraid of strengthening resistance; he will do what he can as it is, and can't do more.

You may add, if you like, to the programme, for the sake of your conscience, a P. S. "The slaves of masters faithful to the Union, and even of those masters who give in their adhesion by a certain day and remain faithful and aiding, shall be paid for, because they must be included in the scheme of gradual emancipation which will be hereafter adopted; but the estates of persistent rebels shall be confiscated and the proceeds applied to the aforesaid indemnities."

The only fear of this would be that the rogues would come in with a rush, and not leave estates enough for confiscation to form an indemnity fund.

We began the first revolution by remonstrances against oppression, which were unheeded; we did not mean to rebel, but when war came instead of redress, the issue was changed. We were compelled to resist, and found no half-way house, no stopping place short of independence.

We began the second revolution by remonstrances against the enroachments of slavery, which were unheeded; we did not mean to destroy nor threaten it; but when war came instead of forbearance, the issue was changed; we were compelled to resist, and we shall find no half-way house, no stopping place short of independence of that institution.

The sooner that fact is accepted the sooner we shall arrive at the end of the war.

INDIGNANT THIEVES.

THE following is a correct copy of a petition presented to the New York Police Commissioners a day or two since. The names attached thereto are genuine, and the owners of them are no mythical personages, but are known in the flesh to the Detective Police. Though fallen in the social scale, they still have some pride left, and jealously guard their "characters."

To the Board of Metropolitan Police.

The undersigned, members of the several "ancient guilds," and organizations—"knucks," "Autumn divers," "pads," "buzzards," "confidence men," etc., having had the misfortune to be "nabbed" by the "coppers" in your employ, and then compelled to undergo the humiliation of being daguerreotyped by bad artists to the end that our likeness might constitute a fine art collection, known as the "Rogues' Gallery," do respectfully set forth:

That we have endured these inflictions, superadded, in many instances, by the deprivation of liberty, without murmuring. We learn, however, with surprise and mortification, that we have been compelled to undergo a new and unheard of indignity—insult added to injury—as though the purpose was to class us with the vilest robbers and outlaws. The liberty has been taken, unwarrantably, unlawfully, and in violation of the statute for the protection of private character, to place in the aforesaid collection or "Gallery," the likenesses of a gang of banditti of a class infinitely lower and more base than any in which your memorialists have ever, by choice or misfortune, associated. The portraits of Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, Isaac Toucey, Gen. Beauregard, R. H. Lee, John B. Floyd, Henry A. Wise, Lawrence M. Keitt, Judah P. Benjamin, David L. Yulee, and others of the same "school," have been arranged with ours, as though we were deep-dyed as they. While protesting against this wholesale defamation of character, we remonstrate that we have at the most only sought to live by our wits, while this school of banditti, the villains aforesaid, have conspired to ruin a mighty people, and to steal the wealth of an entire Republic—to beggar and enslave a continent. No thief at the coffin's side, no operator in the panel crib, no midnight burglar, ever conceived a plot so base. Trusting your honorable Board will perceive this injustice, we respectfully petition that the portraits of the traitors, robbers, and sneak-thieves aforesaid, now in arms against the government which has provided them with bread, may be removed from the "Rogues' Gallery." And your petitioners will ever pray.

BLINKY RILEY,
LITTLE FELIX, alias Felix Duval; alias Thomas Wilkins,
JACK DAVIS, alias Jack the Fiddler,
MYSTERIOUS JIMMY,
SAILOR JACK, alias Jack Harris,
LITTLE DAVIS, alias Sammy Davis,
LONG DOCTOR, alias Bill Johnson,
ISADOR GOLDSTEIN,
GEORGE VELSOR, alias Old Sheeny,
JIM PATTERSON, alias La Grange, alias Fancy,
ED. ARGENTINE, alias Burns, alias Osborne, alias Wilson,
JACK CARPENTER, alias Murphy, alias Dobbs,
WHITE CLOUD,
NED TIMPSON,
JOHN HICKEY, alias Spectacle Smith,
LIVERPOOL JACK,
COBBLER JACK,
CHARLEY FISHER, alias Wagoner,
MOLLY MARCHES,
JIMMY CUTES,
HANS WILLIAMS, alias Blackhawk,
CHARLEY CROUT,
JIMMY, alias Boots and Shoes,
JOSEPH BROWN, alias Greenburg, alias Nigger,
JIM JOHNSON, alias Halleck, alias Webb,
JACK SMITH, alias Hamilton, alias Fatty,
JACK HATFIELD, alias Williams, Chief Mourner,
JACK WOODHULL,
ANDY BARTLETT,
SQUIER DIXON, alias Coachman,
GEORGE WILLIAMS, alias Curly George,
WOPY, alias Old Clothes,
JOHN BAYARD, alias Hill, alias Valler,
DAVE, alias Bill Ryan's Cub.

THE CONNECTION, OF SLAVERY WITH THE WAR—ITS DOOM.

From The Times.

IT has been said that the war has nothing to do with slavery, but no one will pretend that slavery has nothing to do with the war. The war is not made upon slavery. The slaves have not been proclaimed free, and called into the service of the government; although any foreign nation at war with a slaveholding country would avail itself of so conspicuous an element of weakness. Slavery still exists, with all its constitutional guarantees, in the border States, and the citizens of these States who are not in open rebellion have repeatedly had their runaway slaves returned to them. It is only in those cases where slaves have run away from rebel masters, who freely lend them to the rebel government for the construction of fortifications, or for soldiers in the field, that the commanders of our armies have refused to deliver them up. It is therefore literally true that the war has nothing to do with slavery, while slavery has everything to do with the war. But for slavery the Southern States would be on as good terms with those of the North as Illinois with Massachusetts, and the idea of dissolving the Union, or of a war between the North and the South, would be as preposterous as that of a war between Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The most natural way to put an end to a controversy is to remove the cause of it, and since the war has resulted from the refusal of the slavery propagandists to submit to the laws, the obvious and certain cure for the political malady is the abolition of slavery. The government will be slow in adopting this radical mode of treatment, but the public mind is rapidly ripening to the conclusion that no other will prove effectual. If undertaken at all, it should be done with a strong hand. The utmost care should be taken to prevent and to punish violent outbreaks among the slaves, as well as every tendency to rapacity, violence and lawlessness, whether the enemies or friends of the Union be the victims. In the border States, where the body of the people are for the Union, reasonable compensation should be made to slaveholders, except where they have taken an active part in behalf of the rebellion.

It is not probable that this thorough treatment of the case will be adopted at present, if at all. To put it into successful practice would require a vast deal of moral courage and political sagacity; and regarding the matter from the stand point of constitutional right, nothing short of a great public necessity could justify it. That such a necessity would warrant it, no intelligent thinker upon the affairs of mankind will question, and that such a necessity seems to be pressing upon us, is an opinion not confined to the school of Abolitionists.

It is to be remembered that the general abolition of slavery in the Southern States would not be attended with the much and justly dreaded evil of a large free negro population in juxtaposition with the whites, except for a brief period. It would be the natural order of things for the negroes to go to the extreme South to supply the demand for labor, while their places in the border and middle States would be taken by white men from the North and from Europe. The laws which govern the demand and supply of labor, taken in connection with the climatic adaptations of race, would be almost sufficient of themselves to adjust the populations to their appropriate latitudes; but to these influences legal persuasives might be added, and the result would be, in the course of a few years, the concentration of the great body of the negroes in the Gulf and South Atlantic States, with a free outlet to Mexico, the West Indies, and other tropical regions.

Slavery is a doomed institution. Its upholders and propagandists have waged unholy war upon the General government, for no other reason than that they have been turned out of power by the result of a fair election, and now they must take the consequences of their crimes. Providence seems to be using their ungovernable ambition to bring about the overthrow of the wicked and barbarous system they would diffuse over the world; and now that their necks, as well as their fortunes, are staked upon the issue of the war they have waged, it is not at all improbable that their necessities will forestall the action of the General government, by compelling them to become its destroyers. Already we hear of black regiments before the first campaign is over, and when the fatigues of campaigning, the chances of battle, and the ravages of disease, shall have destroyed the flower of their youth, we shall hear of whole armies of blacks, who will receive liberty on the condition of defending the lives of their late masters.

THE DEFEAT AND ITS FRUITS.

[Extract of a letter to *Zion's Herald* from the Rev. Mr. Haven, Chaplain of a Massachusetts Regiment at Baltimore.]

THIS repulse was needed to bring about the only object to which this war must tend, in which it must be consummated, if it be really and permanently successful. Had we marched easily and triumphantly to Richmond, we should have had an armistice and terms of reunion, which would have left slavery in full power; slightly shorn of his locks, yet soon to have them grow again. Repulses and defeats strengthen a good, ruin a bad, cause. The object of God was to liberate these children of his who have cried day and night unto him for these many generations. Every defeat brings out this purpose the more clearly. The action of Congress Monday was bolder than it has ever been. It will grow in courage as disaster grows upon us. The defeat at Bunker's Hill paved the way to the Declaration. The defeat next year at Long Island only invigorated the spirits and nerved the arm of the people.

So will it be now. The ferocity, the inhumanity, the fiendishness of our foes, will only make us say that the cause that changes them to devils shall be extirpated. We shall advance to Senator Trumbull's position, and declare slavery abolished in the revolting States. I heard a Maryland gentleman and a Methodist (not a preacher, however, you may be sure of that) say but yesterday, that he wished the government would issue that decree immediately. It will be issued if the war is prolonged. Let it, therefore, go forward. What is your poverty, what indeed is the agony now rending a great multitude of Rachels, North and South, compared with the poverty and distress of the hundreds of thousands, of the millions upon millions of God's dear children in this fair land for these centuries of bondage! The cup is being commended to our own lips of which they had drank so constantly and so deeply. They were despised and rejected of men—men of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. We hid, as it were, our faces from them. They were despised, and we esteemed them not. In my intercourse here I have heard frequent and bitter denunciations of their brethren and sisters, from the lips of elegant and excellent Christian ladies. I have heard some such inhuman utterances by Massachusetts and New York ladies, but they had nothing of the ferocious intensity of contempt and hatred which marked these speakers. I could easily see how the secession feeling rages the hottest with the female part of the community, from Baltimore to New Orleans, when I heard the modest lips of godly matrons so full of ungodly speeches concerning their colored neighbors. All the Baltimore ladies are not like those above mentioned. Some of the most tender-hearted that I have ever known are here, showing their religion by their treatment of the degraded class among whom their lot is cast.

Let the fact teach us that He who made us of one blood is leading this nation, stuffed with pride and insolence, into the fires that shall humiliate and purify. These thoughtless, cruel-hearted mothers and wives and sisters shall bleed and cry, and come down from their seats of pride, and, like the desolated Egyptian haughtinesses of old, shall sit down in the dust beside their despised bondwomen, and seek for comfort from these long suffering and hence deep experienced souls.

This is some of the sweet juice the bruised reed of pride and hope yields to your taste. Is it unpalatable? Wait till the sorrow is yet sharper, and you may find your taste purged to apprehend its chaste and spiritual refreshment.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.

THE war has disorganized not only business, but politics. A revolution has taken place, not in the administration or Constitution of the country, but in the sentiments of the people on public affairs, and in the relative strength of parties. The masses are united in unrelenting hostility to the introduction of violence as a means of obtaining power and position, and they have reconsidered their opinions as to the merits of that interest which was the first to resort to violence. Anti-slavery counts its converts by thousands, and not the least zealous of these are the many Democrats who have for years under-estimated the evils of slavery and over-estimated their constitutional obligations to it. It begins to be seen that, in its effect on individuals, it is pernicious; that if, in a state of bondage, slaves are civilized, it is at the expense of their masters, who are barbarized by the process; that, as a system of labor, it is, in many of the States where it prevails, wasteful, destructive, unprofitable; and that, as an element of political power, it is restive, overbearing, and unjust. Its history is full of horrors. It kept South Carolina and other States in a state of craven submission to the British during the revolution; it interposed, after the revolution, the most serious of the difficulties which arose in perfecting our Union; it has claimed for itself recognition and privileges which no other interest in the country has dared to aspire to, and it has finally assaulted, with deadly intent, the government and the Constitution itself.

The chief weapon of slavery, for many years, has been terror. It has threatened war, bloodshed, violence, devastation, a dissolution of the Union, if its claims were not conceded. But the sting has been, or will be, taken from its menaces when their weakness is proved. If the Union cannot be dissolved, if war will not extort from us what we refuse to persuasion, and the claims of slavery, on its own merits, cannot enlist our sympathies nor command our votes, what is its condition? It is the jackass stripped of its lion's skin; it is the whipped bully of the ring, whose defeat is more humiliating in proportion as his brag was noisy and ferocious. The Constitution reëstablished over the revolted States, in its own name and not under color of a war against slavery, is, nevertheless, fatal to slavery, *as a political power*, because the only strength of that institution as a political power, apart from the right of representation yielded to it in the Constitution, was, in its supposed capacity, to break up our Union and forever destroy our peace, if its clamors, freshly renewed every day for further favors, were not acceded to.—*World.*

THE DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF SLAVERY.

THE evil influences of slavery are fully shown in their effects upon the rebels. In order to extend this institution, they have sought to overthrow the government, and to do this hesitated to use no means which they believe will prove effective. They appear to have completely lost sight of all those moral restraints which are found in civilized communities. They make use of fraud and deceit whenever they think they can profit by them. They hate us so intensely that they outdo the practices of savages. In their warfare with us they resort to the meanest trickery, and commit the most barbarous deeds. They have not only bayoneted and cut the throats of the wounded; they have not only impaled some and shot at others as at targets; they have not only shot at women who were relieving the wants of the suffering; they have not only fired upon a hospital; but they have also fired upon a surgeon in discharge of his duty, and even upon the bearer of a flag of truce. They have deluded our troops into an advance by displaying the stars and stripes like friends, and then mowed down our columns with masked batteries. Such atrocities as these are well calculated to arouse the indignation of all right-minded persons. They manifest a spirit of fiendishness unparalleled in modern warfare. They evince a hatred of the foe and a disregard of the dictates of civilization which must win for the rebels the condemnation of the civilized world.

But the strange feature of this savage warfare waged by the South is, that it is waged for the extension of an institution which is claimed to be divine. Because the North opposed this extension it is now treated by the South as a lawless people. It has not denied the South any of its rights, but simply because it was unwilling to have an institution extended which it knew was demoralizing, and which it saw was a bar to progress, the South has declared war against it, and war to the knife. If slavery be that Christianizing institution which its advocates have of late years claimed it to be, it is very singular that it should produce upon them such demoralizing effects. Never before has such a warfare as the present one been waged for any Christian institution. Never before has a Christianizing institution rendered its supporters utterly defiant of all those principles which distinguish Christianity.—*World.*

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

THAT slavery is the cause of the war, and that we cannot have peace till it is abolished. The voice of the people must be heard, calling aloud for the immediate overthrow of this bloody Moloch, to whom so many human sacrifices have already been offered. We have endured the tyranny of this monster too long. We are now suffering the just penalty of our toleration of such wickedness.

Why are we so timid about attacking the lion in his den? Are we afraid of his power? Why so much hesitating about declaring our purpose to put away this villany? Why do all our officers and leading men put on their gloves, and handle slavery so carefully? Such timidity is base. But let us not blame our officers or government; they are our servants and instruments to do our bidding, and to be used by us at will. We, THE PEOPLE, must speak out, and cry loud and long. Let DOWN WITH SLAVERY become the watchword and the battle-cry—let us shout it till every Southron trembles, and till every slave shall join the shout for Freedom. Then we shall have a real and permanent peace—not before.

This Moloch will fatten on our soldiers, slain in bloody strife, and grow strong to crush out our freedom, and put chains on us all, if we let him live. We must take his life—we must utterly destroy him—and every one of his chained victims must be set free.

Shout our war-cry, and soon the angels from heaven shall be heard proclaiming in thunder-tones, "FALLEN! FALLEN! SLAVERY, THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND OF ALL THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH!"—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

To the Editor of The Ashtabula (O.) Sentinel.

THE prostitution of our military force to the catching and returning fugitive slaves recently exhibited in Western Virginia, must leave a stain upon the character of those engaged in it, and reflect upon the service in which they are employed.

There is nothing upon which civilized nations look with more detestation than upon this matter of catching slaves. They view it as an act far more disgraceful than that of the original capture of slaves in Africa, inasmuch as the slave who *escapes* from his master shows intelligence, a love of liberty which is less apparent among the heathens of that barbarous land. Hence a Russian nobleman declared to a distinguished American, that nothing ever transpired in Russia so despotic as the catching of fugitive slaves. It will be recollected that the slave Anderson, while attempting to escape from Missouri, was met on the way by his master, who attempted to force him back to bondage. The slave at once slew his master and escaped to Canada. He was demanded as a murderer. The Canadian court discharged him, declaring the act to be just and proper, repeating the maxim, "that self defence was the first law of nature," and he who attempts to enslave a man is unfit for human association, and may be killed with impunity. A gentleman of distinction from England assured me that the delivery of Anderson as a murderer, would have worked a revolution in England. As a nation we hang the men who seize and enslave human beings in Africa, although they are far less guilty than those who seize and enslave them in this Christian land.

When the Mahommedans of Africa enslaved our citizens, we pronounced them pirates and sent an army and navy, not to seize and send back our friends who escaped from bondage, but to avenge them on those who committed the crime of holding them in servitude. It is the deep moral turpitude of enslaving the human soul which imparts to the act an ineffable disgrace.

The slaves on board the Amistad in 1840 rose and slew the captain and cook, took possession of the ship and landed on the shore of Connecticut. The Spanish government denounced them as murderers; but the Supreme Court of the United States and all civilized men said they had done their duty nobly, and we sent them back to Africa.

In 1841, the slaves on board the Creole took possession of the ship, slew one of the slave-dealers, and landed at Nassau. John Tyler, of Virginia, called on the British government to send them back to the United States. But the British Minister insisted that it was no crime to kill a slave-dealer, and refused to deliver them up.

During the revolutionary war slaves were employed in our armies to fight our battles, and we as a nation gave them pensions, instead of seizing and delivering them up to their masters. Even North Carolina, when subsequently passing that most barbarous enactment authorizing the reënslavement of persons emancipated, had the grace to exclude from such a fate "those who served the country during the recent war."

In 1814, General Jackson armed a battalion of blacks without inquiring whether they were slaves or not. They fought gallantly, and some of them died like heroes; and the veteran warrior publicly thanked them and honored them for their valor, instead of surrendering them to their masters. The owners of those killed petitioned Congress for compensation; but that body has ever treated these petitions with disfavor. Methinks the officer who should have dared catch a slave in Jackson's camp would himself have been remanded out of it as a disgrace to the service.

General Jessup at one time permitted the owners of slaves to come within his lines to search for fugitives; but he soon saw the demoralizing effects of such conduct, and not only excluded them from his camp, but prohibited them from coming within certain geographical lines, far more extensive than his encampment, appearing to regard the putridity of a slave-catcher dangerous to the honor of the service. And General Taylor never at any time would permit a slave-catcher to come within his lines.

Again, all these generals gave liberty to slaves who joined their camps, instead of sending them back to slavery. And their action was ably and fully vindicated by John Quincy Adams on the 14th of April, 1842. That most illustrious statesman of the age in which he lived declared that the fugitive slave held from the Creator the same right to live, the same right to defend life, and liberty, obtain knowledge and enjoy happiness and heaven with which God has endowed other men. To invade these rights constitutes a crime against God and humanity. It is an offense against the first, the essential element of our government. It is a violation of the vital principle on which the Republican party came into power, which they stand pledged to maintain. To involve our soldiers in the disgrace of catching slaves, or of serving under officers who disgrace themselves and regiment by catching slaves, constitutes a violation of the President's proclamation, a violation of the contract of enlistment. We advise our soldiers who enter the military service to vindicate the government, to maintain its dignity, and uphold its laws. No man who volunteered for those high and honorable objects expected to serve under slave-catchers, or to maintain the barbarous enactments of Virginia, or become subservient to customs or laws which disgrace the age in which we live. If State laws or State Constitutions are to govern our Ohio troops, they are sworn to uphold those of our own State which knows no slavery, but which looks upon that institution as heathenish and barbarous. Indeed, we all know that it is slavery that has involved us in this war, and every reflecting man understands that while slavery exists there can be no real union among these States.

But I hear some men say, we have a Fugitive Slave law, that the Constitution provides for the delivery of fugitive slaves. I do not propose to argue that question now, for admitting that construction of the Constitution and of the fugitive law given by the most arrant slaveholders, yet they only extend to the capture of fugitives who "*escape from one State to another*," but neither doughface nor slaveholder until this war ever held it to be our duty to send an army to Virginia to catch her slaves while they remain in that State. No Constitution, no laws ever authorized a quartermaster or other military officer to sit in judgment upon the right of a fellow man to liberty. The act of Judge Key in passing sentence of slavery upon the fugitive was the exercise of no power delegated to him. It was rank usurpation, the exercise of a revolting despotism, and the fate of a despot should await him.

But I am astonished to hear men inquire what shall our army do with fugitive slaves? I reply in the same language which I have used for twenty-five years. *Let them alone.* LET THEM TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. If Gen. McClellan desires, he may legitimately forbid them from entering his camp, he may forbid his men from employing any one who is not a soldier. He may exclude both master and slave from his encampment, or he may do as General Taylor did, exclude the master only; or he may do as Mr. Adams proposed, *give liberty to the slave.* But neither he nor any other officer holds the legal or constitutional right to employ our men in catching slaves. And when our neighbors or friends, who have volunteered for the patriotic duty of maintaining our Federal government, and upholding its honor and dignity, are compelled to see a fellow being seized within camp by soldiers of their own regiment, dragged before a military coxcomb, and doomed to chains, and sighs, and sufferings, by a petty usurper, it becomes our duty to speak for our soldiers who are not permitted to speak for themselves.

We are proud of our gallant men who stood foremost at Philippi, and could even look upon their dead bodies with pensive pride, should they fall in honorable battle, but we protest against their being involved in the disgrace of serving under officers who stoop to become the bloodhounds for Southern catchpoles.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THROUGHOUT all the region which owns the sway of Jeff. Davis, no voice of opposition dare utter itself, whether orally or through the press. A despotism of the worst kind—the despotism of a ferocious and brutal mob—fetters every tongue and every type. To attempt to issue a Union journal, however moderate in tone and guarded in expression, in any city of Jeffdom, would be as stark mad as to preach against the slave trade in the kingdom of Dahomey. The establishment would be broken up and the editor killed before he could issue a second number. French or Austrian censorship is mild and liberal compared with this rule of the revolver and bowie-knife.

Now mark the contrast:

In the loyal and intensely Union City of New York, there are two sheets issued daily that are thoroughly in sympathy and interest with the rebels. They do their utmost to paralyze and belittle the heroic efforts put forth by the people of the North to uphold the Federal government and crush out the rebellion. Whatever can be said to discourage the national movement and bring the war to a close disgraceful to the loyal States, is freely uttered by these journals; both of them utterly unmolested, and not only protected by the police, but one of them draws its sustenance in large measure from our Municipal Treasury! There are two or three other of our city journals that are really in sympathy with the rebels, but do not so openly avow the fact. The freedom of the press is here as fully accorded to rebels as to patriots, and we trust ever will be.

Turn now to Baltimore:

That city is held by the Union forces, is commanded by the guns of Fort McHenry, and is in effect if not in name under martial law. Its Commissioners and Chief of Police are under arrest, charged with treason, and the peace of the city is kept by an Army Colonel acting as Provost Marshal. The rebellion is still strong there, especially among the mercantile and wealthy class, has murdered Federal soldiers in the streets, broken up all connection with the North, by railroad or telegraph, and for a time kept the city of Washington virtually in a state of siege. Nobody doubts that any decided success of Jeff. Davis's arms, but especially any advance into Maryland, would be seconded by a desperate rising in Baltimore—or certainly would have been had not the control of her police been wrested from rebel hands.

Yet in that city of Baltimore are published at least three daily journals that constantly and openly assail the government, and manifest intense sympathy with the rebels. Two of them are able and subtle, and all three as bitter as need be. The President of the United States is constantly assailed in their columns in terms which imply contempt as well as hatred. No act is omitted, no art untried, calculated to embarrass and prejudice the government and give aid and comfort to treason.

We rejoice in the contrast thus presented, and trust it may continue. As God divided the light from the darkness, so let them stand in contrast forever. Ours is the side of freedom, and it does not repress hostile criticism, for it has no need to fear it. Theirs is the cause of despotism, and the means must conform to the end.—*Tribune.*

WHAT CAN AND OUGHT TO BE DONE.

IT is in the power of the National Executive—a constitutional and just prerogative of his office as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—to so use those powers, that when this conflict is ended, a great and glorious result shall have been achieved—a result worthy of all the sacrifices we may be called upon to make in order to accomplish it, and more important to influences upon the future of our nation than any, not even excepting the glorious Revolution, upon our past career or present condition.

Let the President declare that the principles of the immortal Declaration of Independence shall be carried out in practice throughout the United States—that the blessings of liberty shall be recognized as the birthright of every human being within our

or bayonet. He should seek his redress in the law and by the law. We have not sent troops to Virginia to steal negroes, or otherwise interfere with them, more than with other property, and God forbid that our troops should be turned into bloodhounds to scent the track of fugitives. They should have nothing to do with them, *pro* or *con*, more than with the trees, stone walls or houses.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

SINCE the reverse at Bull Run, there has been some expression of uneasiness on this side the Atlantic as to the effect it would be likely to have upon the other. As the steamer of the 24th of July sailed in the very height of our own exaggerations of our losses, before a cooler examination of the facts showed that it was far less disastrous than our quick-witted reporters, quickened yet the more by panic and the necessities of sensation dispatches, had described it, there was a feeling of apprehension that England and France might take us at our own account of ourselves, regard us as utterly routed and fold Mason and Yancey to their bosoms without further delay. We do not share in any such uneasiness. It is not likely that either Louis Napoleon or Lord Palmerston expected that we should walk over the course and carry off the prize without a struggle. The English people, especially, we are well assured, will await patiently the issue of other battles, and not rush to the conclusion that all is lost because the first great field was not gained. The rather, that every lesser field, where there was anything approaching an equality of forces and positions, had been won triumphantly by the forces of the government. It is only in England that the opinion of the people is of any particular importance, just now. As Louis Napoleon is, for the time being, the French state, we are entirely willing to trust to his own experience of the folly of judging of final results by early failures—even if our failure had been as utter as we had painted it at first.

We hold this opinion as to the way in which the English people will receive our evil tidings and the course its public sentiment will dictate to its statesmen, notwithstanding the serious light in which our admirable English Correspondent assures us in her last letter but one (STANDARD, July 27th) that our best friends there regard our words and actions. We cannot but think that the strong personal interest which Mrs. Martineau feels in the American people and her earnest wish that we should always do ourselves credit has made her attribute to a larger section of the English nation the feelings that possess herself, than the result will warrant. We do not think that it can take a generation to undo the effect of Mr. Clay's *Times* Letter and of his and Mr. Burlingame's speeches at the Paris breakfast. The course of those gentlemen has not received the approbation of the American people, and it was taken in direct opposition to the rules laid down by the Washington government for the conduct of our diplomatists. That they have received the rebuke of their government for their ill-advised demonstrations, we cannot doubt; though the extremely exceptional character of the state of things which called them forth probably was admitted as a sufficient palliation to save them from the disgrace of a recall. Those gentlemen are both of them eminently stump speakers, and an American stump speaker always carries his stump about with him ready to be mounted on the smallest provocation. We who are to the manner born are more tolerant to these eruptions, undoubtedly, than are they who have no stumps and who know not Buncombe. We do not justify any of the irritating things those gentlemen may have said, only we doubt whether any extensive portion of the English people, and especially of the truest friends of America, were seriously and permanently affected by their diatribes.

Still less do we think such an effect can have been produced by the tone of public speech and the public press in this country in treating of our foreign affairs. The number of Englishmen reading American newspapers we apprehend to be very small, and the proportion to be seriously affected by what is copied into the English journals smaller yet. English journals are very generally read, and still more universally copied by American ones; but we do not think that our public sentiment is materially affected towards England by the harsh strictures of *The Times* or the keen sarcasms of *The Saturday Review*. We know just what they are worth and just how large a segment of the public they represent. And yet we are the most sensitive of nations, with many *raws* already established, which are really too great a temptation to the clever contemporaries of our correspondent to make it possible for them to refrain from touching us up on them. But neither Mr. Gregory, nor the Thunderer, nor yet the witty and brilliant Saturday Reviewers, really affect the feeling of the American public towards the English nation, and why should the utterances of the American press have a greater effect on the opinion of England towards us? It is not pleasant to us to see it cheerfully taken for granted that the great Republic has gone by the board, and that the American Experiment is a proved failure, any more than it is to Englishmen to see us shaking our fists at them, from stump or printing press, and seeming to propose to bully them out of their course; but as long as it is only from the stump or the unofficial press that such things are heard, we think the whole thing exhausts itself in a little temporary mutual irritation.

It appears to us that Mrs. Martineau really answers her own letter in these two lines of it: "I am not aware that we have now anything to regret in the conduct of the President and Cabinet, as a whole." This being the case, the responsible authorities giving no ground for complaint, why should the folly and intemperance of "the rest of society," gathered, of course, from leaders of newspapers and individual speeches, produce a more lasting and injurious effect as to us on the English mind, than the superciliously insolent and wittily malicious tone of the English press upon the mind of America? Whatever the government at Washington does, or whatever our ministers at foreign courts do where they are accredited, and not elsewhere, and what is not disavowed by the home government, is just occasion for complaint, and a sufficient ground for the formation of opinion, and not what is said by unofficial persons—or official persons in an unofficial way—or unofficial presses. What excited the burst of indignation against England in this country was not anything said or done outside of Parliament; but the admission of Lord John Russell that England would treat our rebels as belligerents. Had he explained his meaning at the time as he has since done, there would have been no root of bitterness whatsoever. But the interpretation which common sense and international law put upon his language, was, that the rebels would be permitted to use English ports to fit out their privateers and to sell their prizes. But another gloss having been put upon Lord John's language, we also have now nothing to reject in the conduct of the English Cabinet, and until we have, we do not think that American feeling towards England will be seriously affected by any unofficial utterances.

We honor the indignation which our correspondent feels in view of the rumor spread as to the Queen's health, if indeed that rumor were, as she supposes, an invention of some American abroad. This we had never heard suggested before having supposed it to have been a report of general circulation in England and at Paris, which the American correspondent merely repeated. If a deliberate lie, no words can too strongly qualify the coiner and utterer; if merely passed in good faith, though the act might be inconsiderate, it hardly deserves so severe a castigation as our correspondent bestows upon it. But we can assure her that to none of the subjects of that illustrious lady could the report have given more pain than to the American public, or its contradiction more satisfaction. It is the infelicity of persons in high station that their health and their habits should be the subject of idle and malicious gossip. As an offset to the story about the Queen's health, we offer to our correspondent the one which is universally believed in all Secessiondom about President Lincoln, viz., That he is constantly wallowing in a condition of beastly drunkenness! And he a teetotaller of the teetotallers, who has not touched fermented or distilled liquors for years! But as to the friendly or hostile relations of two great nations, they cannot be affected by gossip or by extra-official talk, but must be regulated by fixed rules of National policy, deliberately formed and firmly adhered to. Of this the American people are as well aware as our correspondent, and the asperity of feeling and expression of which she complains arose from the inference from Lord John's language that the line of policy adopted by England was to be a virtual recognition of the Rebellious States, involving a war with us. We affirm that our inference from his words was a natural and logical one, and think it explains, if it do not justify, whatever strength of language it called forth.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THEM?

GEN. BUTLER MAKING PROGRESS.

THE following letter from Gen. Butler affords evidence of progress on his part, in the right direction, in respect to the principles that should regulate the conduct of the government toward the slaves. Step by step, the People and the Government appear to be approaching the only ground upon which it is either possible or desirable to conduct the war to an honorable termination. Gen. Butler has discovered that slaves, whose masters have run away, and who may come within his lines for protection, are not chattels in law any more than in fact, but "men and women; if not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them, NEVER TO BE RETURNED." Pretty well for a Breckinridge Democrat! He has to advance but one step more to plant himself squarely on the ground of universal emancipation, to be proclaimed under the powers necessarily incident to a state of war—especially of a war growing out of slavery and insanely waged for its protection and perpetuity.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
FORTRESS MONROE, July 30, 1861.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

SIR: By an order received on the morning of the 26th July from Major-General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant-General Scott, I was commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Colonel Baker's California Regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock a.m., by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defence of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the very best regiments I had. In course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some 400, for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the quartermaster here, to aid the Bay line of steamers, which by the same order from the Lieutenant-General was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order I had been preparing for an advance movement, by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the entrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount, for the first time, the first company of Light Artillery, which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron six-pounder. Of course everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders. This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the post at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up entrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force while I advanced up the York or James River. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines for protection, who had escaped from marauding parties of rebels who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up entrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely five thousand men outside the Fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed, it was a most distressing sight to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become fugitives from fear of the return of the rebel soldiery who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women who had served us to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have therefore now within the peninsula, this side of Hampton Creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of ten years, and 170 between ten and eighteen years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts presents are very embarrassing.

First—What shall be done with them? and second, What is their state and condition?

Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children, slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status*? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met, as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arises. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance rather than the auxiliary of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation could they be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and, to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? But we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property, and will assume no such ownership; has not, therefore, all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become, thereupon, men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relics of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts and the state of war assumed the condition which we hold to be the normal one of those made in God's image. Is not every constitutional, legal and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women; if not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

Of course, if this reasoning, thus imperfectly set forth, is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, houseless, homeless and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of men, women and children, who for their attachment to the Union had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by General McDowell, in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all military departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troop to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Now, shall the commander of regiment or battallion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel entrenchments? If he has so labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked?

I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

In a loyal State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a state of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, beside being the cause of the war; and if, in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration.

Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations as well as propriety of military action.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

The reply of the Secretary of War to the question of Gen. Butler has not been published. We learn, however, that the Secretary, on the day following the date of Gen. Butler's communication, "directed Col. Franklin, the commandant of the forces at Alexandria, that from this day all slaves now in prison at that post be liberated, and that they be employed on the fortifications and military works, and be paid for as day laborers in the service of the government. All other slaves hereafter escaping shall be treated in a similar manner."

THE RADICAL REMEDY FOR THE TIMES.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THAT "Time at last makes all things even," is a truth which it did not need the history of abolitionism to verify. But it is worth noticing, how the events of the day and the current of popular thought and decision are rapidly moving together towards realizing the most prominent and, in times past, the most hated principle of Abolitionists, viz: IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION, THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RIGHT OF THE SLAVE.

The incident narrated by your Washington correspondent of the old-line Democrat, who said to his neighbor, "I went out to Bull's Run battle-field a Breckinridge Democrat, coming home I turned into a fighting Abolitionist," has its counterpart a thousand times over here, there, and everywhere. The cry you hear oftenest now, from lips patrician as well as plebeian, that never before dropped a word about abolitionism but to deprecate or damn it, is "DOWN WITH SLAVERY!" "LET'S END THE CURSE FOREVER."

And if a decree of emancipation should go forth from Congress or the President to-morrow, a shout would go up from the mighty North and the great West, louder than that which the imagination of Milton heard, upsent from another place,

"A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond,
Frightened the reign of Chaos and old Night."

But will Congress or the President do it before the doing of it will have come too late to gain the benefits of its speedy doing? I fear not, especially when I read such Miss Nancy-ish cautions and compliments as those to be found in this week's editorial columns of *The Independent*, favored now with the official publication of the United States laws. It is obvious, says the article entitled, Is the War Anti-Slavery? "that such a proclamation, if issued prematurely, or as the mere declaration of a purpose, without the simultaneous and effectual accomplishment of the fact, might distract and divide the North, and possibly demoralize the army. We are confident that President Lincoln is so fully impressed with the grave responsibilities that rest upon him, and is moreover of so cautious a habit that he will venture nothing rashly."

On the other hand, how nobly wise and elevated above the miserable expediency of an hour are the forcible utterances of your ✳ writer of to-day, when he says, speaking of the same never-so-much-to-be-desired-as-now proclamation of liberty: "It will make the greatest difference in the future of our country whether this is done *at first or at last*—whether it is done deliberately in our strength and vigor, or desperately in our ruin and defeat. In the first case, we shall present the spectacle of a nation long bound to sin by deeds of others which it feared to repudiate, but, when at length a relief was given, which every despotism in Europe must acknowledge, springing at once to health and liberty. In the other case, we should resemble some grey-haired reveller, so wedded to vice that we cannot abandon it when it has ceased to be profitable or attractive, but who waits for utter physical inability *before he can show a virtue which is the contempt and hissing of men.*"

Let me quote for your columns a passage from Coleridge, of which I am reminded by the present aspect of the political heavens just before the rising of the Sun of Freedom, by the National Abolition of slavery, when, as *The Tribune* justly says, we shall all wonder to find how easy a thing it was to be just, and marvel at our unbelief and hardness of heart.

"Reason and Religion (says Coleridge) are their own guidance. The natural Sun is in this respect a symbol of the Spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapors of the night-season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification: not surely in proof or elucidation of the light from heaven, but to prevent its interception."

Some of the usurping vapors of the long pro-slavery night that has been brooding over the nation, are being now rapidly dissipated, and they will soon all be gone. They will cling the closest and last to that portion of the Church and the Ministry that boggle at inherent sinfulness, and fling mud at what they call "petty (anti-slavery) organizations that obtrude themselves into notice" (poor Mordecai the Jew, sitting at the king's gate, that bowed not, nor did reverence to lordly Haman!).

You will see them lingering longest in those vallies and fastnesses of the Church from which the cry has come for Ex-parte Councils to put down obnoxious Abolitionists and from which the groaning is still heard over the alleged "misrepresentation in the ears of the British public, that the ministers of the North, as a body, give no persistent and earnest testimony against that sin, and that the Churches will not endure faithful anti-slavery preaching." But even these croakings will in due time cease, when the full-orbed sun of freedom shall have filled our sky, and there will be nobody left to mourn for the dismal night of despotism never to return.

Yet what a pity it is that all men cannot see as clearly as your ✳ does the folly of concealing honest opinions on the plea that the times are not ripe for them! With what propriety he asks, "How are the times ever to get ready for them, if those who know will not speak for their instruction? The power of public acts to express general feeling, and to give us all the good the community can bear, can only come through perfect individual truthfulness. The solution of our national enigma is at hand. It has been guessed, as we think, by the tide of life that flows up and down our city streets; but with childish caprice it is yet whispered from one to another, never spoken aloud."

Now, the present vocation, it seems to me, of pronounced Abolitionists, is to speak aloud what millions are thinking, and so to be the mouthpiece of an indignant people, everywhere demanding that the *Teterrima Causa*—the underlying and blackest of the causes of that dire war which is so heavy upon them—shall now be swept utterly and forever away!

"O! for the faith to read the signs aright,
And, from the angle of Thy perfect sight,
See Truth's white banner floating on before,
And the good cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends!
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, through its clouds of dust, the threshing floor,
Flailed by Thy thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!"

HENRY T. CHEEVER.

Jewett City, Ct., August 3d, 1861.

EDWARD M. DAVIS, of Philadelphia, whose name has long been familiar to the readers of this paper, and whose services in the anti-slavery cause have been of great value, has accepted a place in the staff of Major-General John C. Fremont. His function is that of Assistant Quartermaster, his rank that of Captain. If we were asked to endorse the character of Mr. Davis, we should adopt the language in which Horace Greeley is said to have commended a friend of his to the notice of President Lincoln: "Permit me to introduce to you my friend ——, who wants an office at your hands. *If he steals anything, put it to my account.*" Gen. Fremont need not fear any peculation in the Quartermaster's department while it is administered by Mr. Davis.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION,

At Abington, Mass., August 1st, 1861.

Phonographic Report by JAMES M. W. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT: I suppose the day dictates the subject. The great interest of this day is as the anniversary of British Emancipation. That was the greatest blessing, the highest privilege, history shows us was ever given to a people—the power to emancipate, peacefully, nearly a million of chattel slaves. By moral agitation, as the result merely of thought and purpose, like an ordinary change of law, a great people swept out of existence an infamous institution, rooted in old habit, immense wealth, great social power. As far as I know, it is the only instance in history, ancient or modern. Slavery has been everywhere; has been abolished in various ways; but the English people may boast, as a thoughtful, Christian community, that they have set in history an example of the power of simple principle to change momentous social institutions. I am not about to examine whether it was unalloyed, disinterested religious principle, or whether there mingled with it the self-interest of the commercial classes and the dread of future trouble in national affairs. I only know that, peacefully, by an edict, not by cannon, by an act of Parliament, as the ordinary laws are changed, the whole social condition of the West India Islands was remodelled. What has been the result? There has never been an hour of war in those islands. There has not been one instance of resistance to civil process. The forms of law are guarded, not by bayonets in the hands of white men, but by bayonets in the hands of emancipated slaves (applause). The only complaint is, that the negro will not work for the white man; he finds better employment at home. The only complaint is, that the former slave population is so shrewd, so thrifty, with so much forethought, that, as in our Western States, Iowa and Wisconsin, you cannot find men to hire. Men have the brains to work for themselves: and the English planter cries out to the government, as the farmers of the Western States cry out to the civilized world, "We have wealth, acres; but our neighbors are so fore-handed and independent, we cannot hire anybody to work our land. Give us laborers!" That fact, which proves the advancing, essential prosperity of the Western States, proves, in the same way, the well-grounded prosperity of the laboring classes of the West Indies. The real complaint never has been that the black man would not work. The complaint has been, "He can work for himself to so much better advantage, that we cannot get anybody to work at a shilling a day."

Again: England exports to these islands, I may safely say, double—perhaps I might say, four times—the amount of manufactured articles that she did in the days of slavery. England never sells without getting her pay for it. No man can pay without work; and if those emancipated slaves buy two or four dollars' worth now, where they bought one before, either they had laid up an immense capital during the slave time, or else they have worked well for it since (applause).

Such is the lesson of to-day. What are the great elements of national prosperity? They are, law contentedly obeyed, hands intelligently, successfully industrious. No British ministry has ever, for twenty odd years, looked into the face of rebellion in the British West Indies. There has been no time when there was not a greater demand for laborers than there was supply. There has been no moment when two looms in England were not kept active to supply the demands of the West Indies for one before. And if to that you add the moral element of the question—marriage, education, religious institutions, have been quadrupled, at the expense and by the care of the former slaves.

That is the picture which has been held up to our country for twenty-five years. What is the use of recurring to it? It is no longer within our reach. We omitted to seize the opportunity—it is gone! Thirty years ago, in England, when Lord Brougham was advocating the emancipation of the slaves, I remember he used with great effect the trite classical story of the sybil who came to the Roman king with nine books for sale, represented as indispensable to the safety of Rome. She named her price; the proud king waved it aside. The sybil left, burned three of the books, and returned, offering six at the same cost. The confident king waved her a second time aside. She went, and returned again with three, still for the same price. And then Rome bought the sacred pledge of her safety, diminished to one third, at the same sacrifice. Twenty years ago, God set us the example of peaceful, moral emancipation, by ordinary force of law. We dashed it aside. He offers us now, at the same cost, emancipation at the mouth of the cannon—nothing else. The lesson of to-day is not for us; we must seek it further. Far off, beyond those islands, rests the Queen of the Antilles, St. Domingo. Her emancipation was different. The races had rushed to arms. Blood flowed in torrents. England was about to invade the island. Government, pushed to the extremity, at midnight, the sovereignty of the realm slipping from its grasp, in despair, as a means of keeping hold of its territory, proclaimed emancipation. It was won in blood and fire. Half the cities were burned; almost every valley floated with blood; the slave wrote the guaranty of his emancipation in the blood of seventy thousand Frenchmen, sent to subdue him. This is the only lesson left for us to-day—this: How far short of St. Domingo can the government stop? What is the policy that may save us from that last extremity of bloody emancipation? The British model is gone. The only question for us is, how far short can we stop of St. Domingo?

There are two or three methods before us. The first is—and this most men flatter themselves to be possible—we can conquer the South; we can keep the Union as it was. I deem that a dream (applause). I hold it just this side of lunacy—nothing more. The old Union of '87 is gone beyond recovery (cheers). No million of men in arms can bring it back again. I do not know that I was ever found deprecating the courage of the South. I have held that, in the nineteenth century, the age of money, it would be impossible for a Southern empire, from political and economical reasons, to survive—they would be starved out. I hold that opinion still. But I believe I never have doubted the personal courage and intense earnestness of the Southern States. I stand to-day exactly where I have stood. I know nothing of the future but by the past. Poland, trodden under the heel of an empire whose resources are boundless, is still Poland, in arms. Hungary, crushed by the weight of half Europe on her head, is still Hungary, determined to be free. And Italy, with six centuries of demoralization, has still strangled the purpose of the French Emperor with one hand, and Austria and Russia with the other, and is Italy, united and free (loud cheers). I believe that the five or six millions of Englishmen residing south of Mason and Dixon's line have hearts as bold and wills as determined as Italy, Hungary or Poland; and this nation, in the mere fight of white men and white men, will write her history a copy of the Russian history as to Poland, the Austrian history as to Hungary, and the Italian history, if she goes on to fight as she does to-day. The past proves it; and it seems to me that every thoughtful man must see it. At any rate, such will be the picture of the next ten years. I am well aware that the South has not yet dared to meet the North face to face in open field and fair fight, or, at least, whenever she has done so, she has been beaten. Witness Kansas and Western Virginia. But for all this, I hold the South deeply in earnest, and able, in open fight or by guerilla, to drag on the war many years.

But that is not the only question. Foreign countries watch us. England and France watch us. England has no purpose nearer her heart than to cripple and undermine the manufacturing and commercial supremacy of the North. How can she do it? By robbing her of one half of the Union. By seizing the opportunity to plant a rival State at her side. That State, with the underhand support of English money and English arms, can take Mexico for her right wing, and Cuba for her left, and then, with some eighteen millions of inhabitants, holding the black population in chains, she will be one of the best customers Lancashire has. How much would the British government do to found and uphold such a State? She would do every thing. And I do not believe in any such virtue in the middle classes of Great Britain as would rebuke very severely the Administration for the useful crime of acknowledging such a confederacy. For I remember China and India. If, therefore, the war lasts two or three years, it is not a war with the Southern States alone; it is probably a war with the Southern States, supported openly or by stealth by England; specially if the death of Louis Napoleon should free England from fear of French interference or invasion; when, by the time that happens, possibly there may be a fourth party in the play. The slave may take arms in his own hands, and instead of being a counter on this chess board, he may be a player in the game. When that comes, emancipation is to be a hard work, wrung from the bloodiest civil war known to history. Whether it is to come from a divided Union, and afterwards the failure of the Southern confederacy to sustain itself, or whether it is to come from the indomitable rage of these Northern States, determined that, through seas of blood, no matter how deep, the stars and stripes shall float to the Gulf, I do not know; but, surely, it will come from the bloodiest war that history has known for half a century. For it is impossible that this war should endure three years or probably two, without the interference of European governments, and probably of the slave. It is almost impossible that this war should continue two or three years, without great probability of the acknowledgment of the Southern confederacy by certain portions of the Northern States. I know the anger, and pride, and determination of the Northern people; but when these looms and workshops have been silent and still for twenty-four months—when the families of half a million of volunteers have been upon our hands—those very hands empty and idle—for support, when no greater progress is made than seems to be now in the conflict, how long will the North endure such a war? I am not sure that she will not find that the better policy is submission, and submit. Mark you! I have no fear of the failure of ultimate emancipation. God has broken up the fountains of this nation, and the slave is to be shaken out of his chains (prolonged cheering). I can believe that the South, driven to the wall, rather than submit to the hated North, might herself, in despair, free the slaves, and, writing "Emancipation" on her flag, appeal so to the cupidity of England and the rest of Europe to uphold her, and thus cripple the manufacturing North. She is easily capable of such a masterstroke of cunning statesmanship; and would bear even freedom, even be just, rather than submit to us. The only question is, how can the problem be solved with the least bloodshed, at the least cost, and with the best future? I say that every moment of delay embitters the problem; every moment of delay renders more probable the interference of other governments; every moment of delay renders the South more a unit than she is this week. These are the reasons why I urge upon the government and upon you, the adoption of a policy as speedily as possible. For the present, we have none. Government avows no plan. She has not even a plan of the war, much less a statesmanlike plan of how to relieve herself of the difficulty which created the war.

We drift before the storm, no hand on the helm. Government has been defeated. She deserved to be! Mr. Whiting's letter (Hon. N. H.) complains that England does not sympathize with us. We have no right to the sympathy of England (hear, hear). You and I, near at hand, with our eyes fixed on the crisis, may dimly discern, through the cloud that emancipation is inevitable, spite of men and parties. But, three thousand miles off, ignorant of the heady currents that confuse our national position, why should England sympathize with your government, which marks its first step in the war by the return of slaves, and a pledge to put down insurrections? (Applause.) I should blush for Great Britain if she sympathized with such an Administration. My lips would be the last to ask her for one word of sympathy for such a government. What does England know? She knows only that, under our, to an Englishman, utter incomprehensible Federal government, there has arisen, between different sections of the country, a dispute as to certain arrangements of the civil force. She cannot put her hand into the disordered machine intelligently, and therefore she keeps it out. I think she does wisely; I think she does well. Do not misunderstand me while I speak thus of England. It is from no idea of the high character or lofty motives of the English government. It is the most selfish of all European governments guided by the lowest and most interested motives; and the same is true, to some extent, of her people. But we have no claim to the sympathy of England. Neither have we a right to victory—none at all. The government does not organize victory. I will tell you when, in my opinion, we shall be entitled to victory. When one single secession spy, traitor or pirate has been punished (loud applause); when the seal of government disapprobation has been set on one single person within their power who has betrayed the Union (applause). John Brown rebelled, it is claimed, against the laws of Virginia. He was hung at Charlestown. The government said Amen! The government has had in its grasp at least fifty, if not a hundred, ten times deeper dyed in the guilt, if guilt it be, of resisting the laws of the Union, and she has dismissed them all! When only one quarter of the clerks in one department at Washington are traitors—*only a quarter*—I will acknowledge that the government deserves victory (laughter and applause). But while she keeps at least two-thirds disloyal men in her employ, that is not organizing victory. The battle at Bull's Run was wholesale butchery, public murder; and the government of the United States, more than any other power, is guilty of the murder, for they sent out their troops from a city full of traitors in the employ of the government, knowing, or able to know, that every secret of the government was probably communicated to the rebels twelve hours before those troops quitted Washington. Why do they not hang a pirate? Because Jefferson Davis says he will retaliate; and they save the life of some prisoner at Richmond by pardoning a pirate or a spy. At the same time, they please themselves by continuing to give bread to traitors in Washington at the cost of sending one thousand true men to be butchered on the battle-field. I mean what I say. Murder, with the full knowledge of the government; for the Secretary who keeps his desks full of traitors from pity to their families, or the associations of past years, is the veriest traitor to the government. Every plan, except those made at Washington, succeeds. There has been but one—the blunder at Bethel—that has not succeeded. Missouri, one line of conquest; in Western Virginia, under McClellan, uninterrupted success; because the generals who planned the movements had around them true men. But from the nest of traitors at Washington they organize nothing but defeat (hear, hear).

Such a government deserve the sympathy of other nations! We have not yet shown that we are a government. When the world doubted whether the United States of America, in the Revolution, were in earnest, Washington hung Andre. He begged to be shot, as a soldier; and Washington replied—"By *nations*, spies are hung. I would cheerfully moderate the punishment, and accede to your wishes; but I must prove to the world, in your person, that this is a nation, and has its rights" (applause). And Andre was hung. His fate settled the American Revolution. England knew it was not rebels, but a nation, with which she dealt; and she acknowledged our independence as much in consequence of that act as the surrender of Cornwallis. What the government needs to-day is to prove its earnestness—to prove that it actually holds these rebels traitors. The government that, in its own Capital, sees its prisoners from Bull's Run waited upon by the ladies of Washington, and furnished with every luxury, while its troops want food, is not worthy of victory. When were traitors in any other Capital waited upon by such attendants, or buoyed up with such respect?

I speak of these things, because the momentous hours of this summer are to decide what is to be the exit out of this war. To-day, government stands strong enough in the power and enthusiasm of the North, strong enough in the fear or forbearance of Europe, to write on her banner EMANCIPATION, and so make it impossible that any English administration should acknowledge the Southern Confederacy (applause). Let her delay it, let that government once advance to break the blockade or acknowledge the confederacy, and the step is too late. Then we must carry emancipation, if at all, in defiance of England. We carry it now with her sympathy and with her help. This summer is to create a public opinion, which, on the opening of Congress in December, is to strengthen the Administration's hands up to this limit of national vigor and life. If we float rudderless, let the South strengthen herself into a long war, let the North settle down to an indifference which compels the government to recruit by drafting, not by volunteers—the moment we get settled to that, we accept the problem of St. Domingo. We write our history on one of two leaves. Two nations—bitter civil war on the borders—constant conflict; irruption from our own soil to interfere with the slave States—channels of trade changed, disordered, choked—Mexican civilization there. Or we write it on another page—Northern determination, resolved, spite of England, spite of the South, spite of defeat, spite of pecuniary cost, to carry the stars and stripes to the Gulf, and emancipate every slave they cover (loud applause). One or the other. This summer, the problem is not half so difficult. Now the slave watches our banner, counting it herald of his redemption—waiting, longing, expecting to throw his weight into our scale. Let him see that army penetrate the South under orders to allow no fugitive slave within its lines, and with commanders who return such to their masters, their spirits droop, their purpose dies away. Instead of warm friends, we have sullen, disappointed foes. Now, we advance into the South with four million of the people on our side. What a strength, even if no one of them takes up arms! With the slightest encouragement, they are active on our side. They judge us by acts, not words. Six months may confuse, discourage and alienate them into sudden distrust.

Now, Wall street cries out, We cannot afford to risk bankruptcy again by being citizens of a Union with one slave State in it. Tell them of Disunion as sure soon, in a dozen years, to result in emancipation and bankruptcy: Wall street replies, "Yes, but that dozen years is my harvest. Let the future take care of itself. Disunion risks the question whether New York shall be the commercial capital of the continent for the next fifteen years. At present, with channels of commerce worn as now, I make twenty thousand dollars a year. What may come with Disunion, I know not. From that heavy tumult, another man may come up swimming on the topmost wave. For me, my purpose is to make dollars, *just as I have*, and for that I demand emancipation to the Gulf, to save all risk of such wars as this, and I want it *now*, to ensure New York's being the commercial capital of the continent, beyond dispute, *in my time.*"

Now, the North, like a race horse, spurns pain, blood, death itself, in its fierce enthusiasm. Twelve months of enforced idleness and utter poverty may chill the ardor of the masses. Now, therefore, is the accepted time. The helm is within our reach. The question is purely domestic. Wealth, Wall street, is the upper millstone, anti-slavery principle the lower; between the two, Jefferson Davis may be ground to powder. The slave holds himself ready, pressing for an opportunity; the North is, to a great extent, a unit. Let the government seize the auspicious moment. They tell us they are ready to obey public opinion. Yes, but one word from them, one act, will largely help to form it. We claim of their statesmanship to lead, not wholly to lean on others.

We, too, are to do our part. We are to visit every man, no matter what his position or his courage, with public rebuke, that fails on the great question of the hour. I acknowledge the courage of Col. Cowdin; I am glad he is a teetotaller; I remember his merits in both these respects; but never, until, in the face of the American people, he takes back the act, though he be covered from head to foot with laurels, will I forget that, without legal necessity, without proofs, with no claim, he thrust back a negro into the hell of Virginia slavery, as his soldier baptism in this war ("Shame"). No military success is to blot it out. If he were to stand before an hundred batteries, never, till he disavows that act, cruel and illegal, can he fit himself for the society of honorable men (applause).

I know what it is to be a critic. I suppose it is fated I shall always be such (A VOICE—"We hope so"). But so long as I stand here, and four million of black men there, no man within the hearing of my voice shall betray their cause without hearing it (hearty applause). And if, with the memory of that sad and bloody week of the surrender of Thomas Sims in the capital of the State, your Governor appoints as the Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment the infamous and brutal United States Marshal who led that surrender, Charles Devens, I shall say here and everywhere, that he has broken the promise of his whole life, forfeited the confidence of his friends, disgraced the office he holds, and insulted the Commonwealth. You may forget, I never shall, until I see them on their knees in public repentance, either the Marshal in the Sims case or the Burns case; and whoever, at such an hour as this, places in the right hand of Charles Devens or of Watson Freeman the broad seal of Massachusetts, I hold him a traitor to the slave question (applause). And the reason is, the American people need to be reminded, to-day, that the kernel of this dispute is slavery: that no man should be sent south of Mason and Dixon's line who has not at least a decently white record behind him. I overlook all political differences. I welcome the Democratic candidate for Governor to his place as a General; I remember him only as a man who differed from me in opinion. I welcome his service in the hour of the nation's need. But the men who have actually hunted slaves are beyond the admissibility to service, even in such an hour

be protected, and, if he will fight, to be armed. If he was an enemy, he comes here to be imprisoned, and if he has fought, to be hanged. The government of the United States is bound so to regard the blacks. There is no judge to sit under the Fugitive Slave law, and find out whether that black man was a slave. There is no court sitting in the camp to decide it; there is no authority there competent to settle it. He is a man, with the marks of manhood God has given him. He is capable of firing a musket, and is therefore either to be armed and used, or imprisoned and punished. Let the government of the United States say, through its Lieut. Gen. Scott, or through its Secretary of War, to the various generals of division—"What we shall do in the future with slavery, we know not; the future will shape itself; but every man, black or white, that enters your lines, hang him or arm him" (applause). When they have said it, there is no longer slavery in the Commonwealth of Virginia. The moment they have said it, wherever the stars and stripes float, liberty surrounds them. The moment they have said, ours is an army advancing into a country where one half of the population is on our side—men, women and children—that is one half the victory. The moment we have said it, the South knows the vigor of the North has touched the point of efficiency. I ask that of the government, leaving Congress to shape its future.

Then I ask this further, that they shall clear all the public offices of secession spies. I said just now, and I hold it, that the battle at Bull's Run was butchery, and the government were largely responsible for it, while they keep the public offices full of men with Southern principles. There is sitting at this moment—mark you! Charlestown still exists, with its sky almost yet bearing the shadow of that gibbet whereon hung a man for breaking his allegiance to the government of the United States—there is sitting at this moment, within one hundred miles of it, in the city of Washington, a Committee of the House of Representatives to find out the *number* of men in the public offices who have refused to take the oath of allegiance. *"The number"!* Why, there ought not to be one there. Instead of a Committee to find out the number of traitors, that House of Representatives should have memorialized the President to remove any Secretary who had in his employ one man who had refused to take the oath of allegiance (loud applause). If I were brother, or son, or father of any man murdered at Bull's Run, I should think that the Secretary who kept traitors in his employment run the risk of every life that left Washington in that army. If you and I had marched out of that Capital, knowing that by the criminal weakness of the government, we left behind us in the public offices, with peculiar facilities, therefore, for gaining knowledge of public plans, hosts of men who often avowed their wish for our defeat, we should hardly feel that such a government deserved our blood shed in its defence.

I believe, therefore, that the government should announce what I said in regard to the blacks: Every man that enters the lines, arm him or punish him. And in regard to the public offices, empty Washington of every man, woman and child who will not take the oath of allegiance—every one probably disloyal (cheers). Until that is done, this war is a bloody farce. The government is not fighting; they are only playing with bloody counters—with the lives of 200,000 men. Maps just finished in Washington found in the tents of the rebels! The plan of the campaign known to be in possession of the staff of the opposite army! Out of such a nest, no army should be sent. We have a right to ask this of the government. War is horrible. No government, no mere form, is worth a single human life. If we enter it, we enter it for the gravest and most solemn of all purposes; and after that, every step should be taken to make it as efficient as possible. You and I are to create that efficiency. You and I are to save years of this bloody war. I would not take one step, nor refrain from it, out of regard to England and France (loud applause). In one sense, I do not care for their sympathy. If nineteen millions of men are not able to hold their government up, may it tumble down (loud applause). If we need England or France to decree government and justice on this continent, we had better be under a king (applause, and cries of "hear, hear"). I would not, therefore, take a step, nor forbear it, out of any regard to England. With a fair purpose and proper exercise of will, we are able to decide this question. Gen. Scott might have burned over Virginia months ago, and left no woods to conceal the masked batteries of Manassas. Why did he let his hundred thousand men linger in Washington? Better there, than to be sent out to be butchered. Such was not Wellington's conduct when for long months he created an army behind ramparts in Portugal. Occasional employment helped formal drill, while it kept up the spirit of the soldier. But what we may rightfully ask of this government is to put on its banner something worth fighting for; and then to put behind it an army not already betrayed by its own servants.

I know that this may seem like disloyal criticism of the Administration; but this matter is your concern and mine as much as the Administration's. We are to be beggared, our neighbors are to be shot, our national honor is at stake. Whoever seals his lips, I shall not seal mine (prolonged applause). I believe that Gen. Scott is honest; I know that he is able. I have no criticism to make of the secrets or details of military science. But every man who has his eyes open knows that war is a serious and earnest game. The South spares nothing. She goes back to the days of barbarism for her methods. She is in deadly earnest, and we are at play. We pardon traitors at home; we almost smile on them on the other side; and in Washington, they are spoken of as "our friends at the South," and exchange of courtesies takes place. If we have a war worthy of the blood of New England men, it is to be an earnest war, and it is to be made now, if the great purpose of the war is to be saved from the complications which another spring, and the difficulties and embarrassments which another six months cannot fail to bring. If you have any influence, therefore, on members of Congress, on editors, on the creators of public opinion, on your neighbors, on the rank and file of your army, teach them that with Massachusetts bayonets, it is better to be insubordinate, and shoot a Colonel, than it is, unasked, unauthorized, and Heaven-damned, to turn themselves into hunters of slaves (loud and prolonged cheers). Help the government to dare to give free rein to the ardor of the people. That sight of the stars and stripes bowing to the palmetto at Charleston, that flight at Bull's Run, will rankle in the history of the Republic for centuries. The only opiate for this ache of the nation's heart is the government bidding the world take note of the cause of this fell disease, avowing her purpose with mortal surgery to cut it out, and then, gathering four millions of the oppressed under her flag, plant it, in serene strength, amid shouts of jubilee, on the shores of the Gulf (loud applause).

THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PLEASE inform the readers of THE STANDARD that our Executive Committee, in view of recent events, have thought best not to hold the Annual Meeting of the Western Society at the time mentioned in my note, published last week.

The meeting is postponed till further notice.

Very truly yours, JAMES BARNABY.

Salem, O., August 4, 1861.

DR. CHEEVER was lately in Dublin, where he delivered several anti-slavery addresses. A letter from our Dublin Correspondent, alluding to the Doctor's visit, we are compelled to defer till next week. In London, on the 24th ult., a public meeting, having reference to the American crisis, was held, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided and a testimonial to Dr. Cheever was presented. "The Doctor," says the telegraphic dispatch from Father Point, "spoke strongly against the seceding States, and advocated the abolition of slavery as a duty incumbent on the Federal government."

Dr. Cheever was expected to sail for home either on the 3d or 10th of the present month. He may be expected to enter the pulpit on Union Square early in September.

INFORMATION WANTED in regard to Alexander or Sandy Hogan, son of Betsey Hogan! He left the service of Mr. Jenkins in Baltimore, in June, 1859, and came to the North to solicit money to purchase the freedom of his wife. He is believed to have been in Birmingham N. Y., about five weeks ago. Skin light brown. An aged mother is anxious to ascertain his whereabouts and will be grateful for information to Wm. Still, 107 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia.

Anti-slavery papers please copy.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1861.

IT were idle to deny that our leading statesmen and politicians begin to contemplate the contingency of a divided country and Republic. The reverse at Bull's Run has set men to thinking—men who, until now, have not been in the habit of thinking. A large class of men who were pro-slavery Democrats and Whigs, and who value the Union a good deal more than they do anything else but money, sail off in a new direction. Instead of holding on to slavery as the sheet-anchor of the Union, they now demand that the barbarous institution shall be destroyed, and that the government shall instantly take ground against it, using the army as a grand instrument in the overthrow of slavery. These men are shrewd, and perceive that there is but one way in which the North can triumph in this conflict, and that is to make use of the institution of negro slavery.

That there is another class of ardent Republicans who begin to look with more favor upon the idea of a separation from the South, no one conversant with public men here will deny. *Their* idea is, that we must show the South our power, and amply atone for the Bull's Run retreat, and then let the inveterate rebels go by themselves, the United States government refusing henceforth to have anything to do with slavery. The one class or the other is soon destined to control the affairs of this nation. In other words, the war will be prosecuted to the utter extinction of slavery, or there will be a dissolution of the Union, slavery to have no existence in the Northern Republic. Of course, the Abolitionists will not have much to regret in either event. The strong tendency of things here at present is towards the prosecution of the war with the utmost vigor and the use of *any means* that will accomplish the much desired result—the subjugation of the rebellion. This is the convenient phrase which Democrats use who dislike to say what they mean. "Let the rebellion be put down, *no matter what it costs.*" That is, if it is necessary to abolish slavery to render the Union secure—*let it be abolished.* It is rumored here that Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase are greatly inclined to recognize the Southern Confederacy. The rumor may do these gentlemen great injustice, but it is very current upon our streets. The story goes that Mr. Seward is disheartened and hoping that ten or twenty years hence a compromise on the slavery question may be possible, and the Union be reconstructed. The same rumor also attributes to Mr. Chase a disposition to acquiesce in a dissolution of the Union, because he really believes in Mr. Seward's old doctrine of an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery, and thinks that a separation, as in the case of certain incompatible marriages, is preferable to Union. However this may be, there is certainly no difference of opinion, either in or out of Cabinet, on one point—that there must be one more great battle, in which the slaveholders are to feel the valor and strength of the free States. It is impossible to avoid another tremendous conflict of arms, and when its results are known, of course it will be very much easier to know somewhat of the future. If the North, or rather the legitimate government, triumphs, it remains to be seen whether the South, the rebels, can recover from it. If they can, as readily as the free States have from the Bull's Run disaster, then the prospects of the rebel States for establishing their independence are good. But if, as many Southern men here predict, the slave rebel States cannot stand up against a great defeat, then the war will go on triumphantly till the slaveholders' rule is broken. If the North should be beaten in a second battle—which is impossible if it is postponed for two months—it will be very difficult to hold the Capital where it now is, and the Susquehannah line will be substituted for the Potomac. The results, therefore, of the next battle are to be of immense proportions. A government victory will go far towards ending the rebellion, and will certainly enable the North to dictate the terms of separation. A government defeat will pretty surely result in carrying the line of separation to the Susquehannah river. Mr. Lincoln, for a few days after the fatal Sunday commemorated by the battle of Bull's Run, was much prostrated, and almost despaired of the Republic. Who did not for a day or two share with him great depression of spirits? But he soon recovered, and is now hopeful as ever. He is sure, though he can't indicate the means, that the revolution is to be successfully met and the Union preserved. He remarked to a despondingfriend, a day or two since, "We were all too confident—too sure of an easy victory. We now understand the difficulties in the way, and shall surmount them." Let us hope that he is right—if it is really best for the interests of mankind that we should attain such a result. But it is a higher form of patriotism to hope for that which is best for the world at large, even if that be a dissolution of the Union. If there be separation, we may be sure there will be an end to pro-slavery servility in the free States, for then there will be no gigantic Slave Power to propitiate by our politicians.

There has been some spirited debating in Congress during the present week—especially in the Senate. Mr. Breckinridge is quite bold, especially because he perceives that the people of the loyal States are so civilized that they will not resent his treasonable performances by any of the murderous outrages so characteristic of the slave States. He attacks the government on every possible occasion, and does not hesitate to declare it to be his opinion that the Union had better be divided than the war to proceed any further. Senator Baker of Oregon gave the Senatorial rebel a blistering rebuke for his speech, and asked the question, "What would have been the fate of the Roman Senator, who, when the Carthagenian Army approached the city of Rome, had given encouragement to the enemy?" Charles Sumner, as if unconsciously, replied in a low tone of voice, "He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock!" Low as the tone of voice was, Breckinridge heard it, and was exceedingly angered thereat. Baker charged him with treason, but then Baker don't mind fighting a duel, so it wouldn't do to abuse him. But Sumner is opposed to the duello on principle, and Breckinridge knows it. So he vents his temper on Sumner—insinuates that his courage is not of the first order, claims that he, the Kentucky Senator, has been grossly insulted by the Senator from Massachusetts, and so forth! Of course, Mr. Sumner cares nothing for this demonstration. The claws of the tiger are extracted. The plantation whip will no more be cracked about Northern ears in the United States Senate. Thank God for that, whatever else is in store for us! There is an end to the disgraceful servility which is a part, and a huge part, of the history of the American Congress. No more Keitt and Grow performances—no more murderous assaults upon a Massachusetts Senator—no more slaveholding dictation in the halls of Congress! If the rebel States are beaten in this contest, the slaveholding caste is overthrown, and if they are not beaten, there will be separation.

"When I think of the past and the terrible slaveholding despotism which has crushed all Northern men to the earth, I almost wonder that *we* didn't begin the revolution!" said a prominent politician a few days since. It is a wonder that the North didn't "secede." She would have done so, I fear, if it had not been for the pocket-argument in favor of the Union. Or, if she was too honorable to use the plea of the constitutional right of secession, she might have gone boldly herself into revolution against the most intolerable and infamous despotism the world ever saw, or a civilized people ever endured.

The present Congress has done more to abolish slavery than all that preceded it. Look a moment at its acts. It has provided that all masters who use their slaves, or allow them to be used, in the interest of the rebellion, shall be forever debarred from asserting *their claims* to such slaves in the Courts of the country. This repeals the Fugitive Slave law so far as it has reference to the slaveholders engaged in the rebellion. Second, in the Direct Tax bill Congress provides especially that no slave shall be held, bought or sold by the government, but that the lands, goods, and chattels of the master may be sold to pay the debt apportioned to the slave population. The inference is irresistible, that the government denies the master's claim to his slave, and does not recognize him, the slave, to be a "chattel."

To improve upon Butler's "contraband" Boston notion, Secretary Cameron has just issued an order that no slaves shall be arrested or detained by any commanding officer, not even by Gen. Scott himself, except under martial law, and that all fugitives are to be treated *as persons*, and if they go to work for the government, on entrenchments, or in servile work in the camp, they are to be paid for said work *as men*, and not as slaves! This will do very well for Mr. Cameron! It will not take very long to convert both government and people into Abolitionists provided the war goes on, and especially if we are to meet with any more Bull's Run disasters. The good work goes on, and will go on, whether we have separation and peace, or the prosecution of the war "to the bitter end." AVON.

"THE TRUE RING."—The Rev. J. S. Green, Missionary from the Sandwich Islands, writing to *The Principia* of a citizens' meeting held in Providence immediately after the Bull Run defeat, and which was addressed by Presidents Sears and Wayland, Bishop Clark, and other eminent gentlemen, says: "The best speech of the day, the only *thorough* abolition utterance, was made by Thomas Davis, Esq. It had the true ring, and was highly applauded. I cannot but hope that such out-spoken sentiments as fell from his lips will be heard from one end of the land to the other, and together with the prayers of the true Israel of God, will have power with Him, and that, in due time, though through a terrible struggle, the nation will be saved from the sin and curse of slavery." Mr. Davis was one of the earliest Abolitionists of Rhode Island, and his speech above alluded to had "the true ring" because it came out of a head and heart that party politics has not been able to corrupt.

ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE SIX FREE NEGROES.—Six colored sailors of the brig Robert C. Wright, which recently left this port for Aspinwall, suspecting the Captain of a design to sell them as slaves at Baltimore at the end of the return voyage, resisted his authority and insisted on coming to New York. The Captain finally acceded to their wishes, and on arriving here, charged the negroes with mutiny. When the matter came before United States Commissioner Osborn, on Monday last, the Captain did not appear to substantiate the charge, and the negroes were set at liberty.

THE SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, which will be found in this impression, has been published entire by *The Times*, and almost entire by *The Tribune*. We believe, though we are not sure of the fact, that not one of the daily journals of Boston deemed it worthy of even a passing notice! The press of that city is under the control of a heartless Cotton Oligarchy, and is therefore a libel upon the spirit of Massachusetts.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.—This is the title of a work, edited by Richard D. Webb, our Dublin Correspondent, and about to be published in London by Long, Brown, Longman, and Roberts. The more than romantic interest of the people of Great Britain in the hero and martyr of Harper's Ferry and the cause in which he lost his life will no doubt ensure for the work an extensive circulation.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH is about to commence the publication, at Milwaukee, of a new paper, to be called *Daily Life*. He is an able editor, and in view of what he has suffered on account of his opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, he certainly deserves to be encouraged.

Chronicles of the War.

THE LATEST NEWS.

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch dated Springfield, Mo., Aug. 2, says: A battle occurred to-day at Dug Spring, 19 miles south of this place, between the Federal forces under Gen. Lyon and the rebel troops under Ben. McCulloch, in which 8 of the former were killed and 44 wounded, and 40 of the latter killed and 44 wounded. Gen. Lyon took 80 stand of arms and 15 horses and waggons. A troop of United States Cavalry, 270 strong, made a charge upon a body of Rebel Infantry, said to have been 4,000 strong, cutting their way through and routing them with a loss of only five men. The charge was a most gallant and terrible one, several of the rebels being found with their heads cloven entirely through. The enemy retired during the night and Gen. Lyon took possession of the field. Another battle was momentarily expected, the enemy being in large force west of Springfield.

A rebel privateer, the Petrel (formerly the revenue cutter Aiken), prowling off Charleston, fired at the United States steamer St. Lawrence, probably mistaking her for a merchantman. The St. Lawrence gave her a broadside, cutting her completely in two, and sinking her. Five of the rebel crew were lost, and 36 were taken prisoners and sent to Philadelphia in the gun boat Flag.

A correspondent of *The Tribune* furnishes interesting intelligence from South-Western Virginia, in noting the progress of Gen. Cox's Brigade in pursuit of Gen. Wise and his command. Though our troops had not succeeded in overtaking the rebels, it is quite evident they were close upon their heels, as, in their flight, they were obliged to leave behind them a large quantity of arms, powder, and even bacon. The evacuation of Western Virginia by the rebels is complete.

We have at last the most gratifying intelligence from one vessel of the Gulf blockading squadron, detailing very active operations. The United States steamer South Carolina has destroyed or captured eleven sail of vessels. At this rate, the blockade will be found to be quite efficient enough to suit the rebels, at least.

A dispatch from Senator Harlan of Iowa states that a large force of rebels had invaded Iowa, and taken possession of Croton, a small place on the Des Moines River, near Keokuk.

The rebel generals apparently are about to take the offensive. The Richmond *Enquirer* says: "Preparations of an extensive character are in progress, and before a great while we may count on active movements. The Confederate troops are now divided into two *corps d'armée*; the first under command of Gen. Johnston, the second under that of Gen. Beauregard." The Richmond *Examiner* also: "We are in possession of important information regarding the probable future movement of our forces, which a proper regard for the general welfare forbids us to disclose. We hope, should the same information come to the knowledge of all our cotemporaries of the press, that they will be equally considerate."

A detachment from the New York Twenty-eighth Regiment, stationed at Sandy Hook, Md., crossed the river on Monday and surprised a squadron of rebel cavalry at a house opposite the Point of Rocks, killed three, wounded five, and captured seven. They also captured the horses and recrossed the river without suffering any loss whatever. It is reported that a considerable body of rebel cavalry have occupied Martinsburg.

Gen. McClellan is rapidly forming brigades to be placed under the command of the Brigadiers just confirmed by the Senate. Regiments from the same States are scattered among different brigades.

A skirmish has taken place near Falls Church, between thirty-five of our cavalry and a squadron of rebels, in which several on both sides were wounded. It is said there are two regiments of rebels encamped within four miles of Alexandria.

Two escaped negroes report that 500 slaves had been drafted to erect batteries for the rebels at the mouth of the Rappahannock.

A prominent Secessionist in Florida writes that all the property owned by Northerners is to be confiscated, and the avails devoted to paying the soldiers of the rebel army. Also, that negroes have been organized to take part in the contest, and a bonus of $10 promised them for every scalp they take.

Numerous arrests of deserters from the rebel army at Manassas have been made at Petersburg within the past few days.

By Sunday night it was expected, as we learn from a dispatch dated Mexico, Mo., the 3d inst., that the County seats of Warren, Montgomery, Lincoln, Calloway, Audrian, Pike, Rolla, Monroe, Randolph, Howard, Mason, Shelby, Marion, Lewis, Knox, Lynn, Scotland, Clark and Livingston Counties would, by a simultaneous movement, be occupied by strong bodies of United States forces. Committees of Public Safety were then to be appointed from the responsible citizens to preserve the peace. Full and perfect arrangements have been made, based upon a comprehensive plan, to secure to the loyal citizens of North Missouri the enjoyment of their rights under the Constitution and the laws of the country.

It now appears certain that the rebels secured only 15 of our cannon at Bull Run. They are in great fear of an attack, and have prepared and hold in momentary readiness all available means for the transportation of reënforcements.

A REFUGEE'S STATEMENT.

In the Fulton street Prayer Meeting, the other day, there rose up a tall, fine-looking man, having the type and air of a Southern gentlemen. He said that in the extreme South he had often heard and read of this meeting. Occasionally he had read notices and reports of it in the religious and secular papers. Little did he think he should be standing up in it, and asking prayer for such as himself. He had been seven years a resident of the South, living undisturbed, until the breaking out of the present rebellion. Then there was a change. He had been doing an extensive and very prosperous business, was largely, and, as he supposed, favorably known to great numbers in the South.

Yet twice he had been seized in order to be hung. Once had he been tried by a Vigilance Committee, and he now had with him a full discharge from all ground of suspicion. For three weeks he had been guarded night and day by armed friends, who defended him at the risk of their own lives, and at last he had escaped by almost herculean efforts. He had left all behind him, and accounted it a great mercy to be in the free North with nothing. Often had he been in want of the barest necessaries of life. He left $25,000 behind him.

"If you think, said he, that you can conceive of the state of things at the South, you are simply mistaken. A wide-spread system of the worst form of despotism which the world ever saw prevails. Over all the South terrorism, such as you cannot conceive of, reigns. No man feels safe. No man feels as if he knew what the end was to be. No man knows what sentiments he may express to-day that will not be perverted to his destruction to-morrow. It is only necessary to raise a cry against a man, and no power on earth could save him after that.

"I have seen hundreds suffer under all sorts of indignity and outrage. I have even seen women, born and reared at the South, owners of slaves, with half of their hair shaved off. All this was because they had dared to express some sentiments in favor of the Union. This terrorism is growing worse every day. It is a despotism of the most fearful kind. If there is any class of people on the wide earth who need your prayers, it is the people of the South, white and black." —*N. Y. Observer.*

"SABLE CLOUDS."

GEN. BANKS RETURNING SLAVES.—A dispatch from Washington, Aug. 7, to *The Tribune*, says: "We understand that numbers of slaves daily flock within Gen. Banks's lines, chiefly from Virginia. Many have been returned, the masters uniformly representing themselves to be Union men. Gen. Banks is, we believe, still acting under Gen. Patterson's orders on this subject. It is said by observers of the scenes attending these renditions that no service is more distasteful to both officers and soldiers, and that it is rapidly making Abolitionists. In some cases fugitives have been secretly provided with means of escape." We want words to express the disgust and indignation which this conduct on the part of the government excites.

SLAVE INSURRECTION PLANNED IN ALABAMA.—A lady who has been for some time a teacher in Northern Alabama, and who left there on the 20th of June, informs the Newburyport *Herald* that much apprehension existed in regard to slave insurrections. About the middle of May one had been planned. A black preacher had told them Lincoln was their Moses to rescue them from bondage. All the details had been arranged, and all the beautiful white girls apportioned to the lot of different negroes. It seemed, however, that two negroes disputed about one very beautiful and wealthy young lady, and in anger one informed of the plot, and means were taken to arrest it. The lady said one great reason she had for leaving was her fear of a slave insurrection.

ANOTHER STAMPEDE OF CONTRABANDS.—A correspondent at Canton writes us that nine "contrabands" from Maryland, passed through that village recently on their way to Canada. One of them asked G. for some food for himself and travelling companions, when the following conversation took place: "You are from Maryland?" asked G. "Yes, sar." "Were you well treated? did you get enough to eat? and clothes to wear?" "O yas sar—but den—" "Well, then, why did you run away? You may be glad to go back before a year is over." By this time the "contraband" and his friends became convinced that there was no show for any help from G., and looking wistfully at each other and then at their interlocutor, the spokesman closed the colloquy by this remark: "Look a h'yer, mass'r; my place down there is wakated. If you wants it, you're welcome to it for all me. Good day, sar."—*Tioga County, Pa., Agitator, 17th.*

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ON "CONTRABANDS."—A correspondent of the Abington *Standard* relates the following incident in the experience of the Seventh Regiment as it passed through Baltimore:

"A fine looking colored man, about 22 years of age, liking the looks of the Massachusetts 7th as it passed, left his master, followed us to Washington, and into camp. His master came to the city, and tracing him to our camp, called upon Col. Couch to deliver him up. The Colonel told him if the slave was willing to go, and the men would give him up, he would submit. The slave consented to see his master, and went with him outside the guard. Here the master tried to arrest him, knowing he was outside our camp; but the slave started back upon the run, his master after him. The guard opened to the right and the left, and let the slave pass, but as the owner came up, they charged bayonets. He raved and stormed all to no purpose, and threatened if he ever came to Baltimore to remember us. The guard replied they should like to go to Baltimore, and clear up all the rebels, adding the regiment could do it in a few hours; and I believe they could, for a *more determined* company of men could not be found."

ANOTHER NORTHERN SLAVE-HOUND.—The Baltimore *Sun* has this account of another fugitive: "While the 8th Massachusetts Regiment was in the occupancy of Baltimore, a colored man, a slave of William Dorbacker, Esq., proprietor of the Three Tuns Tavern, absconded to the camp of the regiment, and was taken into the employ of some of the officers. When the regiment returned to the Relay House the man went with them, and continued there until a day or two since, when Mr. Dorbacker, discovering his whereabouts, sent for him. The messenger was somewhat maltreated by the soldiers as soon as he made his mission public, and had to leave the camp rather hastily. On Tuesday, Mr. Dorbacker procured the services of officer John Wright, who, armed with an order from Provost Marshal Kenly, presented it at the quarters of Col. Jones, and claimed the property. Col. Jones said he did not recognize slaves as contraband, and *gave up the man at once.* The officer, however, saw the propriety of making a circuitous route from the camp to the railroad depot, to avoid a possible rescue."

SLAVES MUSTN'T EXPRESS AN OPINION ABOUT THE WAR.—"Last night," says a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Falls Church, Va, on the 12th, "riches took themselves legs, and walked away from Fairfax. The Connecticut picket brought in a contraband servant of 'his master's son,' a dashing Lieutenant from Alabama, serving at Fairfax. The fellow exhibited his back, showing that he had served under the stripes, before he sought the protection of the stars. He says that a week ago, talking with some other negroes, he 'reckoned the Yankees would fight.' It was overheard by some of the whites, and he had a little cutting up for this expression of his reckoning. His back is lacerated in several places by the whip. Yesterday morning he was furnished with a fifty cent Virginia note and sent out to buy butter, but did not succeed in finding any till he arrived at the Connecticut camp. He went to work with a will, doing chores round the camp. There are several runaway slaves here, who, notwithstanding they were told that the Abolitionists would kill them, took the first opportunity to get inside the Federal lines. It is plain that as the army moves South there will be a general stampede of slaves. What will be done with them? How will they live? Who will provide for them? Great questions are looming over us; let the people think about it."

THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN HONORED.—The correspondent of the Boston *Journal*—"Burleigh"—writing from Charlestown, Virginia, under date of July 19th, says:

"This town is the real hot-bed of rebellion. The men make no secret of it. In one house where Capt. Doubleday has his headquarters, the man is open and avowed in rebellion. He had the rebel flag in his house after the troop took up their quarters on his grounds. Taunted them with cowardice. Said they dare not come when the troops of Davis were here, and declared, if there was the least chance, he would now strike the blow.

"The site on which John Brown was executed is near his house. The New York 29th are encamped on the hill, and the soldiers daily visit the spot by hundreds, singing a song, the refrain of which is:

'May Heaven's smiles look kindly down
Upon the grave of old John Brown.'

"The jail in which he was kept is opposite the hotel of the place, and the Court-House in which he was tried is now the headquarters of the Pennsylvania Division Staff. All these were sights of great interest. All the men got some token of the fate of the plucky old man. The people of the town are annoyed at the constant inquiry about the hero of Harper's Ferry—and perhaps one cause of their bitterness is the commotion created by the arrest and death of Mr. Brown."

RELIGIOUS TRUST AMONG THE CONTRABANDS.—*Outposts* near *Hampton*, Va., July 31.—Last evening I took a stroll among the contrabands at their rendezvous. Some of them are in a most destitute condition, and they all live in constant terror of "*something* dat'll happen yet and carry us poor darkies all off." The truth is, they have been so frightened by watching the sudden changes that have recently occurred, that they know not what will be the next. Their trials and the vague fear to which I have alluded strongly awaken the religious element of their natures. Last evening I visited a large square house by the sea shore, where some hundred of them were. I asked one of the negroes sitting by the door outside to sing for me. "I don't sing noffin', massa, but Doctor Watson's (Watt's) invotional hymns," was the reply. I urged him to sing one of them, when he commenced in a low, murmuring, wailing, whining voice:

"Jesus 'll git us out o' dis,
Jesus 'll git us out o' dis,
An' we'll go home to Can'an,
An' we'll go home to Can'an.

"Heb'n 's a comin' by and bye,
Heb'n 's a comin' by and bye,
An' we'll go home to Can'an,
An' we'll go home to Can'an."

As he sung, some twenty or thirty blacks flocked around him, men and women, and joined him in the chorus. Their voices were clear and full of music, untutored indeed, but rich with a sincerity and feeling that was really impressive. The plaintive music grew louder and louder as voice after voice was added to its power, until the performance sounded like a choral service, to which the waves chaunted their vesper-anthem in response. The poor creatures were delighted when, at the close of the long, long extemporized hymn, I praised their singing, they had volunteered another. I had not, however, time to listen to it, but as I walked away an almost simultaneous "God bless ye, massa," told me in every tone that the few kind words I had spoken in praise of their untutored music had found their way to these simple hearts.—*World.*

PURITANICAL NOTIONS RECEIVING A SHOCK.—A correspondent of a Boston paper, who evidently once possessed pro-slavery proclivities, has been much shocked at what he saw of the results of the institution. He tells his story in this simple and unaffected style: "We saw the *colored* part of Col. Mason's family—brother of the late U. S. Senator, now expelled—which was captured a few days ago, just as they had got all packed up and on the point of starting farther South under charge of the overseer. I think there were nine of them, three women, one man, and the rest children, beside the overseer. I asked one of the women who was nursing a child three months old, and had three children older in the camp, where her husband was. She honestly answered, 'I'se never married.' I must confess my *puritanical notions* received a *severe shock.* A few hours before our arrival a *contraband* had come into camp direct from Fairfax Court-House, he having obtained a *pass* from 'his cap'n' to go out and buy some butter, and by that means got beyond the rebel lines. He told me he was cook for an Alabama regiment, and had been with them since the 13th of April. They first went to Pensacola, and had stopped along at Montgomery, Richmond, Manassas, and were now encamped a mile the other side of Fairfax Court-House. He said they had six regiments there and a few pieces of artillery, but some of them were going away. This man had been severely flogged last Sunday for some trifling offence, and showed me his back which presented a horrid sight, being cut every inch *from his hips to his neck*, and was still in some places *raw and bleeding.* I turned away sick at heart to think that such atrocities were permitted in a FREE AND CHRISTIAN LAND. This man was intelligent."

THE CASE WELL PUT.—*Fortress Monroe, July 31.*—Some of the officers of our regiments recently ordered to Washington via Baltimore, were allowed to take with them their servants, upon receipting for them to General Butler, and agreeing to return them or pay their value to the government on demand. These servants were receiving pay, and acted voluntarily in engaging their own services. How long must this idea that the "dear South" is to be protected in its *peculiar* institution, against the genius of *American* institutions, be perpetuated? How long must the Republic be constituted, by the action of its generals commanding departments, a *quasi* slaveholder, slave-agent, and slave-trader? How much more free blood must yet be shed to wash out the terrible relic of barbarism that blots our country's escutcheon? As slavery is seen, the wide world over, to be both the remote and the immediate cause of our civil war, why not remove the cause of war by removing slavery? To my humble judgment, it seems that this question could be easily and happily dealt with by every general, by adopting a rule which would be sustained by every principle of natural law, to wit: that as the owner's title to his slave is extinguished by confiscation, and as no one else has any title, therefore the man is free. In the recent expedition to Back River, the gallant Captain White did not have to give a receipt for every boat and vessel of the enemy that he burned. Then why should we be obliged to give a receipt for an owner's title to a slave whenever one voluntarily joins us? When we take off our kid gloves and go at the rebels as they come at us, then we may hope to subdue them, and not till then. The prisoners they take from us are set at work in the trenches; in return we receipt for the owner's title to slaves. They bayonet our wounded and burn our hospitals, in return we wine and dine their prisoners. They erect batteries constantly within reach of our guns, in return we let their vessels slip from Norfolk to Richmond. They hang and burn inoffensive men because they once lived in the free States; we to-day trust our engineering-in-chief in this department, to one who, by residence, by habit, and by blood, is allied to the rebellion. Well, with such odds we will need one million of men, and two years' time, and the disgrace of seeing some petty foreign power recognize the conspirators as an independent nation, before the integrity of the republic can be established.—*Tribune.*

PREFERS THE NORTH TO DIXIE'S LAND.—One of the correspondents of the Boston *Journal* writes under date of Fall's Church, Va., July 16: "Just at dusk the Ohio pickets brought in a fine negro boy, Sam Alston, servant to one of the scions of chivalry from the Palmetto State. As he came up the lawn to headquarters, the most noticeable thing—one which attracted universal attention and elicited general laughter—was his boots, which were the sorriest specimens of old leather I ever witnessed on human feet, reminding one of the old shoes which the Gibeonites wore, when they cheated the children of Israel. Sam came up timidly, rolling the whites of his eyes over all the group with a searching intelligence, as if to read his destiny. He wore a slouched hat, a checked shirt, and carried a silver bull's eye watch. He stated that he was direct from Fairfax Court-House, and as information from that locality was especially desirable, he was subjected to an examination which would have tested the endurance of an expert upon the witness stand. In his own broken answers he gave replies as follows: 'Born in Souf Carolina; Massa Allston's nigger Sam—cook for massa. Got pass to go out and buy chickens, and come right straight down, sir! Massa got one hundred and fifty head of niggers down in Columbia district. Don't want to go back, sir; wouldn't go back no how, if I could help it, sir; rather go a thousand miles up North than down Souf again, sir; knock me about down there; whipped me for talkin' with the niggers last week about the war; don't like to have us talk together, sir; say they will whip the Yankees; they is kinder waitin' to have you come; they have been packin' up their trunks to-day; reckon they are going to move towards Manassas; right smart chance of 'em, sir—reckon they has ten regiments, Gen. Bonham in command; Souf Carolinians kinder mad at the Yankees—think they are goin' to whip ye easy.' A minute questioning verified previous information of position of troops, batteries, and places where trees have been felled. He frequently recurred to the subject of being sent back. It was uppermost in his thoughts. He had no father, and his mother had been sold. There was no tie to bind him anywhere. Only in his soul was that unquenchable fire, that love of liberty, which makes a man. There was something exceedingly touching in his tone and manner when he said, 'O, massa, I'd ever so much rather go way over yonder anywhere, than to be sent down Souf again.' He did not know were 'yonder' was, but it was his ideal of a place where he would find that which his soul most longed for—freedom! The Ohio boys who had brought him in requested that he might be their cook, and when told to go with them and be a good boy, and he should be treated well, his pleasure was manifest in every line of his intelligent face."

RUMORS OF INSURRECTION.—A correspondent of *The Tribune* writes thus from Jonesboro, Tenn., July 28:

"The intelligence from North Carolina is of a rather exciting nature. In addition to the general and growing popular discontent at the miserable mismanagement of affairs since the State was plunged into secession, the most alarming apprehensions are indulged of a fearful and bloody outbreak of the slaves. For months this class of the population have been betraying great uneasiness, occasioned doubtless by the unusual, and to them rather inexplicable military movements about them, and which they not very strangely suppose in some way to concern themselves. There are numerous rumors afloat to the effect that in some of the middle Counties, servants have risen on their masters, and that whole families have been brutally butchered at midnight. To these reports, however, I am slow to give credence; I believe they are mostly the creation of imaginations always lively to the latent perils of slaveholding society, and now especially distempered by the aggravated dangers of the times. But "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," and it may turn out that the facts have not been exaggerated, and that North Carolina, and perhaps the whole South, is on the eve of a most sanguinary and desolating servile insurrection. That such a calamity is intelligently feared is certain; and its horrors may startle humanity at any moment. It is stated that such is the refractory disposition of the colored people of late in the more largely slaveholding section of the State, and so manifest are the symptoms of contemplated and preconcerted mischief, that an earnest requisition has been made upon the Western Carolinians for the immediate moving to the disaffected quarter of Home Guards (who, by the way, are nearly all strong Union men), to the amount of two or three regiments, for the prompt suppression of the anticipated uprisal.

The white men of the endangered region, capable of bearing arms, with hardly an exception, are absent from their homes in the rebel service in Virginia, taking most of the available arms with them, and the women and children are thus left, by this infatuated desertion on the part of their natural protectors, utterly defenceless against brutalities and outrages, which the heart shudders to imagine. It is a fact of great significance—and I believe it to be a fact, for my informant is perfectly reliable—that the Home Guards have refused to proceed to the relief of their imperilled neighbors under any other banner than the stars and stripes, and upon condition, furthermore, that the secession flag shall be everywhere hauled down at their approach. Should an insurrection in North Carolina, or any other Southern State, assume the formidable proportions which appear to be threatened in this instance, it would be the manifest duty of the Federal government to promptly intervene to put it down. [Yes, by putting down slavery, the only cause of insurrection alike among the slaves and their masters.—*Ed. Standard.*]

A SCENE IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.—The Boston *Traveller's* correspondent at Hampton, Va., thus describes a scene which he witnessed there on the Fourth: "To day I have witnessed a scene which was peculiarly impressive. There are only between ten and twenty white persons remaining here. Of these there was one old lady by the name of Powell, whose lot joined the graveyard around the old Church. She was declining in consumption. She went away at first with the rest, but returned a few weeks ago. Her disease advanced, and yesterday she died

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR.

When Gen. Patterson's column had entered Charlestown, Va., and taken possession of the Court House, and raised our flag to the great indignation of the rebel citizens, the Rev Mr. Fulton, Chaplain of the First (Scott Legion) Regiment, went into the building and immediately walked up to the bench, and sat down in the chair from which John Brown received his death sentence, and there offered up a prayer for our President, our army, counsellors, and country, while also beseeching God to crush the rebellion, its leaders and its cause.—*Cor. Tribune.*

THE Chaplain sat in the Judge's chair!
Read on, and the verse will tell you where.

He sat in the Court of Charlestown town,
Where the Judge sat when he tried JOHN BROWN.

The man who had dared to set men free
Was himself shut out from liberty.

Nay, more: in the name of Justice, they
Had sentenced to death JOHN BROWN that day.

"Hang him as Haman once did hang,"
Was the cry that through the Court-room rang;

"So the world shall witness then and there
How a *Slave-Deliverer* hangs in air."

And they hung him up, so Death should crown
The life of the Martyr, OLD JOHN BROWN.

But the hero's fate, as the days went past,
Was over the nation sent broadcast;

And the legend grew again to life
Of the men who sprung up armed for strife.

And the hot breath of their vengeance swept
To where the slave in his kennel crept.

And the slave heard and rejoiced to know
That Freedom came with their master's foe.

The Judge from his chair fled, swift of heel,
Forgetful quite of the people's weal.

The Chaplain came and sat in the chair,
Where the Judge had sat, and prayed a prayer

For the nation's weal and the nation's cause,
For the nation's life and the nation's laws,

In the room where they sentenced OLD JOHN BROWN
To a felon's death in Charlestown town.

Light most sublime that the years could bring;
For the seed thus sown is blossoming,

And out of the nation's peril springs
Emancipation with spreading wings.

Harlem, N. Y., July 29th, 1861. WILLIAM E. PABOR.

IT IS VERY POSSIBLE.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL ZSCHOKKE.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TABOR.

I.

Circumspection.

THE late Baron Stryk, Counsellor of State, was in the habit of uttering, on almost every occasion, a phrase which became a kind of proverb in his mouth —"*It is very possible!*" Not unfrequently did he use it in the official communications upon matters of State, that he wrote to the lords of the realm, and quite as often, likewise, did he pronounce it in the circle of his colleagues and to the prime minister. It usually happened, on the serious and earnest enunciation of the Baron's proverb, that a silent smile mantled the countenances of those who heard him—such a smile as grows out of a perception of a neighbor's venial weakness. This could scarcely fail to occur, for there are many persons who see a neighbor's weaknesses with a constantly increasing pleasure.

Nevertheless, Baron Stryk was a man deservedly held in high estimation and honor. The different rulers of the country appreciated him by turns, because his varied knowledge and industry in business enabled him to render them the most valuable and substantial services. Every one regarded the Baron as very learned, and as a man of extraordinary tact, for so they considered the knowledge of human nature which he possessed. In fact, his fellow-citizens thought him to be more learned than he was, and attributed to him more shrewdness than he had. The wisest people not only held him in honor and esteem, but even entertained a kind of shyness towards him, because we can never truly confide in those whom we believe greater adepts in artfulness and cunning than ourselves. And yet, notwithstanding all this, Baron Stryk was an inflexibly honest, a perfectly frank, and a remarkably conscientious man, and, as all confessed, without the most distant stain of a mean or dishonest action. Still, the very men who acknowledged this considered it as one of the strongest proofs of his fine tact, and as an indisputable demonstration of his shrewdness in thus placing himself in a desirable position in the community. They pushed their estimation of his cunning so far as to believe him a most adroit politician, and even a veritable prophet. And all this he owed to his axiomatic expression—"*It is very possible!*"

It will not, we trust, displease our readers to be put in possession of some characteristic contributions respecting a man who occupies a celebrated position in the history of his country. We are indebted for them to one of his nearest relatives, who, in his turn, extracted them in part from a daily journal that the Baron assiduously kept during his earlier life. The most material thing to be found in it is his favorite expression, which is everywhere presented—"*It is very possible!*"

II.

Love and Friendship.

Sometimes this phrase unintentionally and impulsively escaped him, but never without being a true index of his thoughts. Frequently it induced him, when it had once been uttered, to examine more closely the consequences thence resulting, and it thus adjusted or defined his views of things, and, in consequence, his manner of acting. The saying also exerted an influence upon his mode of thinking, upon his general conduct, and greatly and most decisively upon the course of his destiny in life. Does not this seem incredible? Can people of intelligence and understanding believe it? And yet it will be found to be "*very possible.*"

The Baron was himself well aware of this. He was not only faithful in the greatest degree to his four words, but he also earnestly wished that his only son should form the same habit. The young man, however, as young men generally do, imagined his own judgment in many things to be much better than that of his father, and he regarded this unreasonable request as somewhat singular.

"People readily pardon this eccentricity in you, my dear father," said the son, "but in me it would appear ridiculous, because everybody would recognize it as a manifest imitation on my part, and my use of the saying would be stamped as deliberate and intentional mimicry."

"That is very possible, my dear Frederick," returned the Counsellor; "but what of all that, if these words bestow upon you security, tranquillity, circumspection and happiness? Their great advantages are incontestable; and if you are unwilling to pronounce them *aloud*, from fear of ridicule, I conjure you upon every occasion at least to repeat them *silently* to yourself."

"But why so, father?" inquired Frederick. "Your predilection for this saying surely carries you too far, as it seems to me."

"I have not, my child, so much predilection for the saying as for yourself, and I therefore am desirous of giving you, with this phrase, the serenity of mind, the honesty of conduct, and the good fortune in life, which I have derived from it. Do not suppose that my axiom was suddenly assumed and made habitual. On the contrary, it was *originally* the result of mature and deliberate conviction. I owe to it all I am, and all that I possess."

"What induced you, then, to assume such a singularity?"

"The misfortune of my youth, and despair. It was only by means of these unpretending words that I retrieved myself and became my own master. Your ancestors were perfectly honorable and virtuous people, but not possessed of great wealth. What I inherited from them was barely sufficient to carry me respectably through my collegiate and professional studies, and support me a year or two afterwards. I was then a youth of good habits and pure mind. I had been an unremitting and close student. I was but too imaginative and exalted in my feelings because I lived almost entirely in an ideal world, among the loveliest and noblest beings. This caused me much harm. It led me to despise the world, and I believed it, according to circumstances, sometimes to be inhabited only by angels, and at other times only by devils."

"That happens to me now-a-days," said Frederick, "and in spite of myself."

"That is very possible," answered the Counsellor, "for if a young man does not fall into that error, he can possess neither a true or a warm heart. It is one of those phases of life through which we all have to pass. But to return to my history. I saw myself obliged, for a long time, to labor gratuitously in the courts before I could acquire a title, and, at length, employment sufficient to afford me even a small salary. This I knew in advance, for such is the necessary course of things. But I determined to conceal the fact of my poverty, as I was aware that if it was known I should be held in less esteem by high and low than I deserved. I was always consequently dressed very neatly and carefully, in a style that was then called *gallant*, but is now termed *elegant*. I kept a fine office and rooms, and frequented the best company. I did not hesitate, from time to time, to give little pleasure parties, notwithstanding their expense made a severe inroad upon my purse. But I was careful not to incur any debts, and that, for a young man of my descent and position, was not a little creditable. I had the reputation of being far more opulent than I was, and I accomplished all this with very little money. No one knew that the whole year through my food was less palatable and costly than that of any convict in the State Prison. Bread, water and milk constituted all the articles of my bill of fare. But spare as my living was, I was still happy. My heart was ripe with a variety of enjoyments, not only from a consciousness of duties fulfilled, and from youthful hopes of a future golden harvest, but also from many other things. I was everywhere welcomed and beloved. The women received me with favor, and I likewise stood well with the men. But among all the individuals of my own sex there was only one particular person who occupied the place of a chosen and tried friend. This man was a brother advocate by the name of Schneemuller. We had both but one heart and soul. We were at the university together, and there he assisted me in a duel, and came very near sacrificing his life in consequence. He had proved himself a true friend in weal and woe. Among the women of my acquaintance there was one who had more influence over me than all the rest. She was the daughter of General Van Tyten, and was called Philippine. I loved her silently for long years—loved without knowing myself the full extent of my passion. It was almost a speechless idolatry, and yet my whole life was sanctified by this love. No one was acquainted with the state of my affections, for I never ventured to speak about it to anybody. Whatever is most holy and precious to the soul is profaned, as it were, by the sound of words. Therefore no one is willing to make his real and cherished love a topic of conversation with his fellows, as no one introduces among his social companions the sanctities of his innermost religion."

"But did you not confide your love to the friend of your bosom?" enquired Frederick.

"No," answered his father, "not even to him, and that for various reasons, and among them this: because I, in my poverty, in my lack of business, and in my want of patrician blood, dared not seriously aspire to a union with the rich and high-born General's daughter. Hence it was Schneemuller himself who first communicated intelligence to me that I had never previously been able to believe—that people generally concurred in saying I was Philippine's favorite suitor—that she loved me with a romantic enthusiasm—and that this had given rise to a number of scenes between her and her mother. I could scarcely credit what Schnecmuller related, but in the course of a few months I was indeed convinced. As accident and opportunity brought Philippine and me together, our mutual secret was unfolded. We very naturally swore an eternal love to each other, and resolved to suffer death itself rather than ever be untrue to our profound passion. These occurrences raised me above the earth, and I was in heaven. At this time, likewise, all the favors of fortune seemed to pour upon me. I received the appointment of Chamberlain to the Duchess Dowager, and became the recipient of a moderate yet respectable income. The chasm between me and Philippine's hand no longer seemed impassable. The General requested conferences with me, and was very cordial, while his wife ceased to cast reproaches on the enthusiasm of her daughter. In addition, soon afterwards a magnificent inheritance fell to me from a very wealthy cousin, who died about that time in Batavia. The money was all in Amsterdam ready for my assumption of ownership, as soon as my claim should be legally recognized. I was overjoyed, not on account of the money, but on account of Philippine. It happened that at this very time a handsome young man, an earl, and a favorite of the reigning family who then governed the country, sought her love. She made the suit a subject of derision, and kissed away my little jealous anxieties. To bring things to a crisis she herself desired me to ask her hand of her parents. This was naturally a severe labor for me, but still I made preparations for it. At the same time it was necessary that I should take a journey to Amsterdam, in consequence of my Batavian inheritance. This necessity was extremely painful to me, partly because I could not contemplate so long a separation from Philippine without a feeling of mental agony; partly because she also greatly desired my continuance near her; and partly, furthermore, because the young earl appeared altogether too rich, too handsome, and too importunate. Philippine and I at length arranged the matter, and my friend Schnecmuller made the journey to Amsterdam in my stead, being provided with all the requisite legal papers, testimony, and powers of attorney."

"I do not recollect," said Frederick, "that you ever before spoke to me of this friend."

"That is very possible," replied the Counsellor, "and you will by and bye know the reason. My friend and mandatory wrote not, although I overwhelmed him with letters. I was finally convinced that he was sick, and very sick. Friendship overcame love, and I commenced a journey to Amsterdam. Philippine was beside herself with agony on account of my departure. When I left her she sunk pallid and fainting in her mother's arms. Sorrowfully I continued my route, and during all my travelling, I constantly inquired after Schnecmuller. I perceived his name was regularly registered in all the postbooks, and thus followed him to Amsterdam, where I found he duly arrived. He had attended to the will, and received my fortune in bills of exchange, some of which he had immediately turned into gold, others into bank notes, and others still into other bills of exchange. He himself I could find nowhere. This struck me as very singular. At length I learned with astonishment that a man of precisely his age, garb and complexion, had embarked for America, two months before, and had carried with him my entire inheritance. I constantly exclaimed, 'It is not possible,' but I was obliged to recognize the astounding certainty. It *was* possible. My friend, my best friend, had betrayed and plundered me."

"Detestable wretch!" exclaimed Frederick.

"I travelled back with a lacerated heart," continued the Baron. "I could easily have condoled myself for the loss of my gold, but the treachery of my dearest and best beloved friend produced a grief that was inconsolable. He had robbed me of all confidence in human nature—he had deprived me of all faith in man's truth or honesty. When I reached our own city, gladly would I have flown to General Van Tyten—to my Philippine, both of whom had been advised of my misfortune by a letter that I had dispatched from Amsterdam. The lateness of the evening alone prevented my paying this visit. My landlord received me with much kindness, and I enquired what he had in the way of news. 'Not much,' he answered, 'as you have doubtless heard of Miss Van Tyten's marriage, which took place four weeks ago.' 'It is not possible,' I cried, 'tis utterly impossible. Are you not mistaken in the name? The daughter of General Van Tyten?—to whom?—the Count?—impossible—impossible!' 'It is entirely possible,' persisted my host, and he related minutely all the circumstances connected with the affair. It seemed that Philippine, without the least opposition on her part, had consented, as soon as she was asked, to become the wife of the handsome and rich Count who was such a favorite at Court. This event seemed to have happened directly after the reception of the letter I transmitted from Amsterdam, in which I detailed Schneemuller's villany. Still I could not credit the gossip of my host, and continually exclaimed, 'it is not possible!' So I continued all the night, and until the following morning, when the shocking intelligence was confirmed on all sides, and by the General himself."

"Abominable! abominable!" cried Frederick, and pressed his hands against his heart, as if he would prevent its bursting into pieces.

The old Counsellor remarked, "Ah! my son, just so did I, too, exclaim. Perceiving myself betrayed on all sides, I was almost deprived of belief in anything valuable on earth. I put confidence in the love of no maiden, in the vows and friendship of no man, in the prosperous duration of no course of life. What had appeared impossible to me had actually happened. I therefore regarded the most incredible things as credible, and man and his lot as variable and transient. When I was informed of a circumstance, however opposed to truth it appeared, I observed: *It is very possible!* In these four words were comprised the experience and wisdom of my life. I kept them before me, and drew service from them on every occasion. They afforded me consolation in the depths of my misery. These words saved me from despair. I learned that I could depend on nothing but myself. Canst thou, thought I frequently to myself, canst thou ever again be happy on earth? It is very possible, was my reply, and so it proved. Ever afterwards I constantly kept the maxim in my mind. The greatest favors of fortune were unable to intoxicate me, for I thought of their perishable nature, and in considering whether they might not take wings and fly away, I said always, it is very possible. When I again met a charming young woman, whose beautiful countenance and rounded figure ravished me; whose large and tender blue eyes shot rays to the bottom of my heart; and when she taught me to love with indiscribable ardor, and gave me love in return, I dared not feel certain of my happiness till she became the wife of my bosom. Till that consummation, I recognized the liability of disappointment, and said, it is very possible! And when afterwards that wife became a mother, and—you, my dear Frederick, was presented to me, and I experienced one of the most happy moments of my life, I moderated my enthusiasm by the thought that you might be snatched from me by death, or, if you lived, might be vile and wicked. I said, it is very possible! and with a sober mind prepared myself for the worst."

"Thank God! my dear father," interrupted Frederick, "that neither of the things you dreaded concerning me have happened."

"It is true, my son," continued the Baron, "but it was very possible. Since the adoption of my axiom, I have regarded every agreeable hour as one which I should rationally enjoy, without counting on permanence. On the other hand, when afflicted with evil, I have not been overwhelmed by it, but have been armed against it by thinking it would pass away. That was very possible. Therefore I advise you to adopt this maxim; but in that case it must, by continual use, be incorporated into your whole system, and be transfused, as it were, throughout your whole nervous organism; otherwise it will be of no advantage, and you will remain characterless."

"Men," continued the Counsellor, "alike in their most important and most unimportant transactions and business, are governed, almost without knowing it, by an idea which occurs to them on the instant. Their conduct is the result of fleeting time and circumstance, and so much so that afterwards they are unable to explain, even to themselves, why, at a particular moment, they acted in this, and not in that manner. Ignorant peoply attribute these effects to divine or satanic inspiration. Therefore only an extremely small number of men act with consistent uniformity, because all are influenced by the varying relations of life. They cannot, because the great mass of mankind are rendered powerless, benumbed and overwhelmed by the course of circumstances—their minds are destitute of the firmness, or, as I might say, of any strong skeleton frame work, of any fixed ideas of life's highest wisdom, of the ennobling Christ-mind as displayed in the golden rule, of contempt for terrestial follies, or of a longing, earnest, searching desire for eternal truths and for eternal good. To possess these qualities, a man must have some simple means that can ever be ready for use, as a support to the mind, and a refuge against adversity. Does misfortune then occur to him? He is not prostrated by it. When the custom of contemplating the *true* and the *real* becomes habitual, it is a new nature for the reflecting and grateful, but not for the brutal and thankless. It gives strength and firmness. Therefore follow my advice. It is very possible."

[To be concluded.]

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

THERE is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

—*Once a Week.* ISABELLA LAW.

WHITTIER AND BRISSOT.

From The Boston Transcript.

WHITTIER'S last poem, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, has drawn attention toward young Brissot, whom the poet so felicitously introduces in his melodious verses on "Our River." We give below, from the Newburyport *Herald*, a sketch of Brissot, who fills so large a space in Lamartine's History of the Girondists. We may add that the "Voyage aux Etats Unis" of Brissot was translated and published in England in 1792, and a reprint of it was issued in Boston in 1797, "from" (so reads the title-page) "the press of Joseph Bumstead, Union street." Brissot's work was the most superior of its kind issued in this country before the beginning of this century. To Bostonians it has a peculiar interest, for it was in this city that Brissot landed when he arrived from France. His friends here were Samuel Adams, John Adams, Governor Hancock, Governor Bowdoin, President Willard of Harvard University, General Heath, the two Jarvises, Messrs. Gore, Russell, Breck, Barrett, etc., etc. He speaks highly of our lawyers of that period, and distinguishes Sumner, Wendell, Cowell and Sullivan as enjoying "a good reputation." In his visit to Worcester ("an elegant and well-peopled town"), he thus mentions one whose name is familiar with us all: "The printer, Isaiah Thomas, has rendered it (Worcester) famous through all the continent. He prints most of the works which appear, and it must be granted that his editions are correct. Thomas is the Didot of America."

Brissot visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and went as far south as Mount Vernon, where he was the guest of General Washington. He received either the hospitalities or attentions of Franklin, Jay, Madison, Hamilton, King and others of our leading men. Much of his volume is devoted to the Quakers, of whom he was a great admirer, and to the condition of the blacks, and shows how general was the desire among all the prominent men in the slave States to do away with the incubus of slavery. He was far more particular with the statistics of our country than any traveller who had preceded him.

He journeyed as far north as Portsmouth, N. H., where he was entertained by "President" Langdon. At Newburyport he was the guest of Mr. Tracy (the great maritime merchant prince of Essex County), in the same fine mansion where Washington and Lafayette enjoyed his hospitality. From Newburyport he went up the Merrimac, passing the "Laurels," to the house of Dr. Dalton on "Pipe Stave Hill" in Newbury. He was so charmed by the scenery that he says of Dr. Dalton's residence, "this is one of the finest situations that can be imagined," etc. He was passionately fond of nature, and the lower valley of the Merrimac entranced him. And now for the extract to which we have referred:

"One thing is characteristic of Whittier. He entwines with rich associations every object he describes. The White Mountains, the valley of Norridgwok and Pennacook (Concord, N. H.), had a new charm for us, for which we are altogether indebted to 'Mogg Megone' and 'The Bridal of Pennacook.' He gathers up brilliant bits of recollection and weaves them in his beautiful tapestry, making it of historic worth. Thus, in the poem which we printed yesterday, is one of those most delicate, artistic touches, which, in a moment, brings a picture before us of the 'long gone by.' We refer to the allusion of Brissot, the French politician, the eloquent Girondist, the martyr of liberty, who, more than three-quarters of a century ago, wandered in the same lovely grove which we call the 'Laurels.' We thank Whittier for thus hallowing, with cherished associations, that romantic spot. We have thought it best to give a brief sketch of Brissot, whose name henceforth will be breathed by the 'whispering pines' and the budding flowers of the 'Laurels.'

"Jean Pierre Brissot de Warwille was born at Chartres (forty-eight miles from Paris) in 1754. He was an ardent admirer of free government, and on account of his abilities and eloquence was chosen to the great French National Convention, where, at the very outset, his enthusiastic opinions earned him imprisonment in the Bastile. When he obtained his liberty he went to England, and afterwards came to the United States, which had been so recently freed from the dominion of Great Britain. It was during this visit that he visited Newburyport, and was so charmed with the romantic scenery of the valley of the Merrimac. He returned to France in 1787, edited a political journal, and took a large part in the movements of the day. Being at first a constitutionalist, he was intimate with Necker, and was for a time the devoted friend of Lafayette. But when Louis XVI. fled from the Tuileries, Brissot worded the famous petition for dethroning the king. He became a member of the Legislative Assembly, and afterwards one of the leaders in the 'Convention.' In it he declared war against Austria (1792), and against England and Holland (in 1793).

"He obtained a great influence in the 'Convention,' and became the leader of a party which derived its name from him—the *Brissotins*. He was one of that famous circle that met at the celebrated Madame Roland's. He was, as Lamartine terms him, 'the political leader and the soul of the Girondists.' But he incurred the displeasure of Robespierre, who accused him of federalism. His reply was so filled with burning eloquence that even Camille Des Moulins, the enemy of Brissot, exclaimed: 'Cicero and Demosthenes were not more insinuatingly eloquent.' But it was not long, however, until the Girondists fell before the storm raised by Robespierre and others, which was to be the precursor of the downfall of the impuissiant Prosperos, who could arouse the tempest but not control it. Brissot, proscribed with his party, was arrested and imprisoned, and in the latter part of October, 1793, he was executed with the Girondist leaders, in the city of Paris.

"Thus perished Brissot at the early age of thirty-nine, after having filled one of the most prominent places in the old French revolution. Lamartine says of him that he had in his younger days great vices, but in his more mature years he was a better man. The faults of his youth were used against him by his enemies, but he had great excellences and virtues; and to Brissot he pays the following rarest compliment which could be paid to any prominent man in the most dissolute and corrupt era of any nation of modern times: 'He (Brissot) nourished in his soul three virtues which could raise any man—a constant and devoted affection for his young wife, a love for work, and an invincible courage against the difficulties of life.' It was while he lingered in prison, previous to his execution, that Whittier, with exquisite imagination, makes Brissot dream over the scenes which had passed before him in America, and beautifully depicts the view which so charmed Brissot when on the banks of 'Our River':

"'Once more on yonder laurelled height
The summer flowers have budded;
Once more with summer's golden light
The vales of home are flooded;
And once more, by the grace of Him
Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
The praises of our river:

"'Its pines above, its waves below,
The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
Beheld it seaward flowing—
And bore its memory o'er the deep
To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
His prison walls with gladness.'

"In 1791 was published, at Paris, his 'Voyage Aux Etats Unis'; and in 1828 appeared his 'Memoires' and his 'Testament Politique.'"

LETTER TO LORD SHAFTESBURY.*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MY LORD: The very pleasant acquaintance which I have had with your Lordship, my remembrance of your life of Christian and philanthropic labor, and especially the part which you took in originating that address of the women of England to the women of America on the subject of slavery which first reached this country through me, have moved me to address you as the fit representative of that portion of the Christian public in England on whom we have most relied for moral support during our long and desperate conflict with slavery.

It is not to be disguised that one unfortunate result of our American crisis has been a weakening of national confidence in England, and a feeling of great sensitiveness and apprehension in all our relations with that country.

Did this exist alone in the minds of politicians, it would be the less to be regretted, but I am sorry to be constrained to say that it probably lies deepest in the minds of that Christian and philanthropic class who have hitherto been the closest affiliating bond between the two countries. In this class the feeling has the intensity of wounded friendship and disappointed confidence, so that they are little prepared to act the part they have for years pursued of peacemakers. It is not to be disguised that they regard themselves as suddenly abandoned in the very crisis of a battle by the moral forces of those brethren on whom they had relied as undoubtingly as on themselves, and the possibility of whose failure had never entered into their most distant calculations. It is also most unfortunate that this failure of moral support comes at a moment when the moneyed interests of England appear to be threatened by our course, and therefore the impression is most liable to go forth that financial considerations have prevailed over moral principle.

It is *not* principally by the governmental course of the English nation that this class among us feel aggrieved. It is not with that that they principally concern themselves. Governmental action, as your experience, my Lord, must have made you fully aware, is the last expression of that cultivation and training which the national conscience receives from the energetic labors of men whose lives are directed by high moral and Christian aims. It is the power that lies behind the government in the minds and opinions of the Christian people of England that is the subject of our chief anxiety. To suppose that all this class in England, fresh in the traditions of Clarkson and Wilberforce, so high in moral position in other respects, so various and rich in their contributions to the progress of Christian civilization, has suddenly become blinded by interest on a great vital question relating to the cause of universal humanity, is not possible. Such a supposition would be too near to a general bankruptcy of all faith in human virtue. We have, therefore, but one alternative. Our cause must have been misunderstood. By false representations and false issues, our friends in England have been blinded to the real significance of the sublime movement which the American nation has just commenced.

Allow me then, my Lord, through you to define to our friends in England what we, the Christian men and women of America understand by this war.

We consider this struggle to be the direct result of the conscientious agitation which has been carried on during the course of the last century by the united forces of the anti-slavery people of England and America. We consider it as the great decisive issue of the slavery question in the civilized world. The causes which brought on this war first began to work when Clarkson resolved to give up all earthly prospects and devote his life to enlightening the conscience of the world on the slave trade. *Then* was set in motion a stream of activities that abolished slavery and the slave trade in England, and in the free States of the North, and that since has been acting with yearly increasing force on the slave institutions of the Southern States, till at last they have been driven to endeavor to destroy our national organization as the only means of preserving peaceably this institution.

We consider that this war is a great anti-slavery war, not in form, but in fact; not in proclamation, but in the intense conviction and purpose of each of the contending parties, and still more in the enevitable overruling indications of divine Providence.

The distinct issue made in President Lincoln's election was "NO MORE SLAVE TERRITORY." This was confessed both North and South, and whatever the North understood by it, the South certainly considered it as equivalent to the destruction of slavery. Accordingly, in the Southern canvass, the success of Lincoln was always spoken of as the overthrow of the Slave Power. Not all the tranquillizing speeches of conciliating politicians, not even the pledge of the prospective Administration to respect all the constitutional rights of the slave-owners, for one moment blinded them to the conviction that if this election were carried the doom of their peculiar institution was sealed. In view of this issue, every free State, without exception, voted for Lincoln, and every slave State, without exception, voted against him.

It was the first time in our national history that such a division ever occurred, and it was a decisive indication of what was understood by the movement on both sides.

As soon as Lincoln's election was proclaimed, the conspiracy, long secretly meditated, and only waiting for this moment to develop itself, was openly organized.

The slave party finding that they could no longer use the Union for their purposes, resolved to destroy it. They formed their Confederacy; and Vice-President Stephens declared to the world in bold, unequivocal terms that theirs was the first government in the history of mankind based upon the right to enslave the weaker races. He proclaimed with a blasphemous adaptation of words once applied to the great Liberator of the oppressed, "*This stone which was rejected by the builders has become unto us the head of the corner.*"

The Confederacy which thus commenced by proclaiming in the face of Christendom the right and purpose of robbery and piracy, was carried on by kindred means. During the time that elapsed between the election of Lincoln and his inauguration, officers of this Confederation robbed the Treasury, forts, and arsenals of the United States of millions of property which, by oaths of office, they were sworn to protect; and subsequently they have repudiated "*en masse*" all obligations of commercial honesty to Northern creditors.

When this Confederacy fired upon our national flag, and, trampling it in the dust, boasted that they had humbled the banner of our Union, then the free States rose as one man. Such a sublime uprising of such masses, in such a cause, I will venture to say, the world has never seen before.

The issue was more than the liberation of any specific number of men. It was for vital principles of free society to endure to all generations.

The two Confederacies sent their armies to the field; the one founded on the right of the strong to enslave the weak, and claiming the right of outvoted minorities to secede from the authority of governments whenever it so suited them. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and all the great privileges of Anglo-Saxon liberty were practically repudiated and denied by this party. On the other hand stood the American Union, founded on the declaration that *all* men have equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—resting government on the will of the majority, and allowing to the minority the right only to such redress of grievances as they could gain from free speech, a free press, and the general liberty of moral influence.

That this war has not been proclaimed a war for the emancipation of the negro specifically, was because the extent and magnitude of the issue transcended the wants of any particular race, and had to do with the very existence of free society. A deep thinker and popular lecturer well embodied his view of the issue in a lecture delivered at the time, which he entitled "*Civilization at a Pinch.*" Such was what we understood the issue to be.

It is no fiction, my Lord, when we say that our government is the government of the people; and our people of the North are a sober and thoughtful people, and not in the least given to demonstrative enthusiasm and inconsiderate expenditure. Yet so well did every man in the community understand this to be the issue, that the government has been literally flooded with men and money. The strife for office that usually wages at Washington was nothing to the strife of regiments pressing their claims to be called into service—and every regiment was in like manner embarrassed with volunteers pleading to be enrolled. All parties were united as one man. Though *national existence*, and not negro emancipation, was the announced battle-cry—yet existence in this case was felt to mean the extinction of slavery.

The philanthropist, with a robber's pistol at his throat, must think of his life first if he means to help the poor—and a nation, threatened with national extinction, must live, if she means to emancipate slaves.

There is one party in this country, my Lord, who have made the abolition of slavery the sole thought and purpose of their lives. They are distinguished from all other anti-slavery men in America by the fact that they have confined themselves to this one single idea, and for its sake given up every other interest, political or ecclesiastical. They have abandoned all connection both with Church and State that they might feel free to give themselves to this cause alone. This party, represented by the well-known names of Garrison and Phillips, whatever their peculiarities on some points may have been, certainly merits the confidence given to men who have abandoned all things for a cause which they love better than themselves. Their *instincts* have always been an unerring indication of what made for the anti-slavery interest in this country.

For thirty years, this small party has met every movement in Church or State with what often has appeared to be unreasonable criticism, on account of alleged deficiencies toward the anti-slavery cause.

For the first time since the anti-slavery struggle began, this body of men at last stand shoulder to shoulder with their whole country in a popular movement.

In a late speech at an anti-slavery gathering, Mr. Phillips thus defends their position:

"*I feel satisfied that the end of the slave system has come.* I have no doubt that we begin to touch the end. My reason is this. The age of discussion is over. We have had fifty years, more or less, of what is called agitation, discussion, and party divisions. Now a new act has opened. It is the hour of fight—the age of bullets. That never lasts very long. It does not take as much time for a nation to fight itself clear as it does to talk itself clear, only it is necessary that the talk should precede such a fight. It is only necessary that the mind, the substratum of purpose, should be deliberately formed. I think it has been. I do not mean to say that the whole North is anti-slavery, much less for abolition; but I do mean to say this, that the South has fully come to the conviction that unless she can use the Union to support slavery, the system is gone; and I think the North has come to this conviction, that the Union never shall be used to sustain slavery. I think, so far, the public mind is made up. I do not mean that the popular mind objects specifically to certain constitutional provisions, that men have made up their minds not to return fugitive slaves; but I think there is a prevailing and unconscious, perhaps, but assured sentiment and purpose at the North, that the Union either does or shall mean liberty in the end.

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"*Some friends criticise me because I seem to them to have surrendered my favorite plea of disunion, and welcomed this war.* But let such remember, that no man should flatter himself he can mould the world exactly in his method. He must consider it rare success if his contemporaries adopt substantially his purpose. I have advocated disunion for fifteen years, because I thought it a practicable and peaceful method of freeing the North from the guilt of slavery, and of planting at the South the seeds of early and entire emancipation—wringing justice from a weak and bankrupt South. But it has pleased the nation to seek that result in a different way. The majority about us, starting with the principle that this was a nation, not a partnership, have constantly claimed that the corner-stone of our government, the spirit of '76, was the full liberty of each and every human being. They waited with what they thought lovely patience, with what the South fancied was selfish fear, for the whole nation to acknowledge this theory. The half-success of Fremont, the election of Lincoln, were the hand-writing on the wall.

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"The North replies—'We should have preferred debate—a free press—education—ballots; *but if you choose bullets, agreed!* The stars and stripes meant liberty in '76, and shall now.' I myself should have preferred peace and argument, but the twenty millions have chosen otherwise. I have only to accept the Red Sea through which God wills to lead his people, and I rejoice still that Canaan is beyond. If we are to serve our age, we must serve it in the way it chooses. When the people, thoroughly awake, and as well taught as the times allow, deliberately choose any honorable way of reaching an object of pressing importance, the duty of an honest man is to aid them all he can in their effort. Hence I bow to the masses, and welcome emancipation by war."

In opposition to such a mighty tide of influences, all sweeping in one direction, it seems to the friends of the anti-slavery cause but a slight abatement that individual generals have promised to put down slave insurrections, and that slaves have been in isolated instances returned from Federal camps. Such instances have always met with a prompt and energetic rebuke on the part of the Northern people; and already the number of slaves liberated by our army is counted by hundreds, while the number returned have been the rare exceptions. The refusal of the North to enlist negro regiments has also been criticized in England, as showing a want of proper feeling to the race. But, my Lord, it has been the desire of our Northern States, as brothers, as Christians, as men of humanity, to avoid, as long as possible, raising the awful whirlwind of conflicting races. While we hold in our hand the match which might ignite that powder-magazine, an awful pity and fear stay us. Any other way is better for the slave himself than the way of blood; and if once *that* deadly strife is precipitated, this war will become one of barbarities hitherto unknown in civilization. It has been the object of our government to preserve our army free from all impulses of vindictive passion, and to make it an instrument of preserving order and tranquility in all the region where it moves. A negro insurrection would be the most unfortunate thing possible for that injured race, whose freedom is coming on the wings of every hour. Untaught and furious, they would perpetrate deeds which would check the rising sympathies of the world, and needlessly complicate the majestic movement which, we trust, is destined at last to humble and destroy the power of their oppressors. Our army is followed by the prayers of slaves who find no difficulty in understanding that our success means good to them. Let our friends in England, who gallantly labored with us in the moral struggle which brought on this crisis, now understand its high significance, and aid us with their prayers and sympathies.

The inquiry has reached us from England, What do you complain of? What has been said and done to give rise to so much feeling in America?

I have said, my Lord, that the party I speak of do not concern themselves deeply with any want of governmental sympathy. Neither do they care greatly for the strictures of the London *Times*, always known as the opponent of negro emancipation as well as of factory reform and other just and generous causes. But when the London *Christian Observer*, venerable with the memories of Clarkson and Wilberforce and Macaulay, declares the contending parties in America "*both equally in the wrong*," we scarcely know whether we hear aright. When the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* coolly intimates that England will probably be obliged to side with that party from which she gets her cotton, we are simply astounded.

Do our friends in England really see no difference between a party which declares itself *founded* on the right to enslave the negro, and the party founded on the principle that all men have equal rights?

It is urged as an excuse for this indifference that the national movement is in many respects far below the requirements of a strict anti-slavery policy. Granted that it be so. Still, do the Christians of England see nothing to choose between a party organized to defend slavery and make it respectable and perpetual, and a party organized to place an impassable barrier to its further progress? Limitation of slavery, by the admission of both sides, is its speedy extinction. Have our friends considered this?

Even as I write, my Lord, the great decisive battle is waging, our troops are leading the assault, the telegraph brings hourly report, and we know not who among our bravest and dearest may be offering their lives this moment in this holy cause. Yet, no heart faints, no voice falters, there is not a thought or shadow of regret at the sacrifice we are making, for now, if ever, we have a country that is worth dying for, and a cause in which we count nothing too dear.

My Lord, I am yours in the great fellowship of Christian freedom, H. B. STOWE.

Andover, July 21, 1861.

* This letter appeared in *The Independent* of last week in an imperfect form, from a failure to receive the author's corrected proof-sheets. We give place to it here, with her emendations.—*Ed. Standard.*

THE YOUNG WIFE.—The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy; but the marriage of the loving young is by the direct blessing of God, and is the realization of the complete ideal of a lovely human life. Let those who have found that pearl hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells no evil thing should enter; and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend.

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